THE

EXPERIENCE

OF

Mrs. H. A. ROGERS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, SOME

SELECT LETTERS,

WRITTEN TO HER

By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, *A. M.*

Which afforded her much Spiritual Consolation.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my Soul."

"SHE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

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EXPERIENCE, &c.

I EVER found it an unſpeakable bleſſing to look back on the rock from whence I was hewn, and to the hole of the pit from whence I was digged.—To recount the wonders of redeeming love, is a pleaſing and a profitable taſk.—I have ever proved my ſtrength hereby renewed, my faith increaſed, my mercies and bleſſings redoubled.—I am hereby enabled to diſcern more truly, the progreſs of grace in my ſoul, and every recounted deliverance is written more deeply on my heart.—I ſee hereby into many devices of Satan, and can more clearly diſcover, and more gratefully adore the ſecret leadings of Providence and grace.—And how am I humbled with the view of the unbounded LOVE and tender mercies of my GOD, contraſted with my great unworthineſs, my ten thouſand ſhort-comings, weakneſſes, ignorances, and infirmities. So that I am conſtrained to ſink in deepeſt abaſement before him, and ſay, I am a brand plucked from the burning! a ſinner ſaved by grace!—I am NOTHING! and CHRIST is ALL in ALL!

I was born at Macclesfield, in Cheſhire, Jan. 31, 1756, of which place my father was Miniſter for many years; being a Clergyman of the Church of England. He was a man of ſtrict morals, and as far as he was enlightened, of real piety. I was trained up in the obſervance of all outward duties, and in the fear of thoſe ſins, which, in theſe modern times, are too often deemed accompliſhments. I was not ſuffered to name GOD, but with the deepeſt reverence; and once, for telling a lye, I was corrected in ſuch a manner as I never forgot. We had conſtant family prayer; the Sabbath was kept ſtrictly ſacred; and as far as outward morality, my parents lived irreproachably, and in all ſocial duties were regular and harmonious.

I was early drawn out to ſecret prayer. I believed GOD was the author of all good, of all happineſs; and SIN the cauſe of all miſery and pain. If, therefore, I wiſhed for any thing I had not, I aſked God in ſecret to grant it to me. And in any pain of body, or in any of my childiſh griefs, I fled to *him* for eaſe and comfort: and it would be incredible to ſome, how often I have received manifeſt anſwers to prayer, when not more than four years old; and how my tender mind has been comforted. I was deeply affected, and had very ſerious thoughts of death, for ſome time after ſeeing the corps of a little brother of mine, who died of the ſmall-pox, when I was five years old. I took great delight in the Bible; and could at this time read any part either of the Old or New Teſtament, always aſking queſtions, ſo as to obtain ſome underſtanding of what I read. My parents required that I ſhould give an account every Sabbath evening, of the ſermons and leſſons I heard at church, and ſay my catechiſm to them, which they explained to my underſtanding. They alſo required that I ſhould get off the collect for the day, and repeat it with my other prayers every night and morning. Theſe collects I alſo often repeated in ſecret, and with great ſincerity before the Lord. I never remember going to bed without having ſaid my prayers, except once: I was then diverted by a girl, who told me many childiſh ſtories, and ſo took up my attention, that I forgot to pray till I was in bed: and then being alone, I recollected what I had done, and conſcience greatly accuſed me; ſo that I began to tremble leſt Satan ſhould be permitted of God to fetch me away body and ſoul, which I felt I deſerved! I ſoon after thought I ſaw him coming to the ſide of my bed; when I ſhrieked out in ſuch a manner, as brought my parents up ſtairs to ſee what was the matter. This made a laſting impreſſion: and I never after dared to neglect commending myſelf to the protection of God before I ſlept. I was at this time about ſix years old.

When about eight years of age, I heard my father ſay he had a very remarkable dream, in his recovery from a dangerous illneſs: That he ſtood before the throne of God, and ſaw his glory! But not being able to gaze upon it, fell on his face in raptures of joy. My Mother aſked, if he could deſcribe what he ſaw, but he anſwered, No! It was impoſſible to convey any idea of it; it ſeemed almoſt to deprive him of being. She aſked if any thing was ſpoken to him; but he deſired her to aſk no more reſpecting it: nor would he ever tell her any more. I have often thought he received ſome notice in that dream of his approaching diſſolution.

A material change was evident from that time, in all his conduct and tempers. Anger was ever before a beſetting ſin, but I never remember ſeeing him overcome by it after this. He was more vigilant in public and private duties; more humble and patient under little difficulties and trials; more watchful over the morals of all around him; and took more pains than ever, to inform my infant mind in all things which led to piety and virtue. He warned me againſt reading novels and romances; would not ſuffer me to learn to dance, nor to go on viſits to play with thoſe of my own age. He ſaid, it was the ruin of youth to ſuppoſe they were only to ſpend their time in diverſions. I believe I ſhall have reaſon to bleſs God for ever, for ſeveral leſſons he then gave me, and to all which I liſtened with great delight.

In Feb. 1765, when I was a few weeks more than nine years old, he took his laſt ſickneſs; a malignant fever, in which he lay three weeks; expreſſing through the whole of it, an entire ſubmiſſion to the will of God, and an aſſurance of a happy eternity. He ſung pſalms, repeated various ſcriptures, and praiſed God aloud; and was continually commending to his care, his dear wife and children. A few days before he died, he called aloud for *me;* and when I came, he took my hand in his very affectionately, and ſaid, "My dear *Hetty*, you look dejected! You muſt not let your ſpirits be caſt down; God hath ever cared for me, and he will take care of mine. He will bleſs you, my dear, when I am gone. I hope you will be a good child, and then you will be happy." Then laying his hand on my head, he lift his eyes to heaven, and with a ſolemnity I ſhall never forget ſaid—"Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit thee: the Lord bleſs thee, and keep thee: the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace and make thee his child and faithful ſervant to thy life's end!" I cannot find words to expreſs what were the feelings of my heart on this occaſion. Love for my valuable and affectionate parent; grief to reflect I was now looſing him, and gratitude that his dying lips had pronounced ſuch a bleſſing on my head, quite overpowered me. I fell on my knees, gave vent to a flood of tears; and continued to weep till my eyes were almoſt ſwelled up. He died the tenth of April, 1765.

My grief for ſome time would not ſuffer me to take recreations of any kind; but I would ſit and read to my mother, or weep with her. But, after a ſeaſon, I was invited to the

houſes of relations and friends; and as I ſoon became a laughing-ſtock among them for my ſerioufneſs, and diſlike to their manners and their plays, I began to be aſhamed of being ſo particular! My mother was alſo now prevailed on to let me learn to dance, in order to raiſe my ſpirits, and improve my carriage, &c. This was a fatal ſtab to my ſerioufneſs, and divine impreſſions: it paved the way to lightneſs, trifling, love of pleaſure, and various evils. As I ſoon made a proficiency, I delighted much in this enſnaring folly. My pride was fed by being admired, and began to make itſelf manifeſt with all its fruits. I now aimed to excel my companions, not in piety, but in faſhionable dreſs! and could not reſt long together, without being engaged in parties of pleaſure, and eſpecially in this (what the world calls) innocent amuſement. I alſo obtained all the novels and romances I poſſibly could, and ſpent ſome time every day in reading them; though at firſt it was unknown to my mother, who would not then ſuffer it. After this, I attended plays alſo. In ſhort, I fell into all the vain cuſtoms and pleaſures of a deluſive world, as far as my ſituation in life would admit; and even beyond the proper limits of that ſtation God had placed me in. Thus was my precious time miſpent, and my fooliſh heart wandering far from happineſs and God; yea, urging on to endleſs ruin! Yet, in all this, I was not left without keen convictions, gentle drawings, and many ſhort-lived good reſolutions; eſpecially till fifteen years of age. God often wrought ſtrongly on my mind, and that various ways, of which I come now to ſpeak. But O! how did I grieve and reſiſt the Holy Spirit! How juſtly might he have given me up; yea, and ſealed me over to eternal deſtruction.

At thirteen years old; namely, in the year 1769, the Biſhop of Cheſter, being to hold a confirmation at Macclesfield, I reſolved to attend that ordinance, though it was with many fears and much trembling; for I believed, till perſons were confirmed, they were not alike accountable to God for their own conduct. But when this ſolemn renewal of the baptiſmal covenant was made in their own perſon, then, whoſoever did not keep that covenant, muſt periſh everlaſtingly! I therefore endeavoured ſeriouſly to underſtand the import of it, and was fully convinced, I was neither inwardly nor outwardly what it required. The knowledge of this wrought much ſorrow: and I formed ſtrong reſolutions to lead a new life. Yet ſin had ſo blinded my eyes, that I could not at this time believe, or at leaſt, I would not, that dancing, cards, or attending plays was ſinful. Theſe, therefore, I

did not even reſolve againſt. But I reſolved againſt anger, pride, diſobedience to my parent; alſo the neglect of ſecret prayer and church-going; with all wanderings of heart in thoſe duties, and a variety of other evil tempers, &c. which I knew myſelf guilty of. Having humbled myſelf before God, faſted and prayed, and (as I vainly thought) fortified myſelf by theſe reſolutions, of keeping all God's commands in future, I ventured to take upon me the ſolemn vow. But ſuch was my fear and trembling at the time, that when I approached the altar, I was near fainting; and when I returned to the pew, burſt into a flood of tears. This was on Whit-Sunday: and I intended to receive the holy ſacrament the Sunday following. But before it came, I was conſcious I had already broken my ſolemn vows; and, on the reflection, my diſtreſs was great, and I had many doubts whether partaking of the Lord's ſupper would not be ſealing my own damnation. However, one day, as I was praying, it came into my mind, this holy ſacrament is called a means of grace; ſurely, then, it is juſt what ſo ſinful, ſo helpleſs a ſoul wants: I will go to it, then, as a means whereby to receive ſtrength, and grace to conquer ſin in future. In this view of that bleſſed ordinance I found much comfort; and I am now aſſured it was from the Lord, whom, ignorantly, I was feeling after. I approached the Lord's table therefore, with renewed vows, and renewed hopes; But, alas! theſe alſo were as the *Morning cloud, and as the early dew which paſſeth away.* For ſeveral months I thus repented and ſinned, reſolved and broke all my reſolutions; ſinned and repented again. I dared not receive the Lord's ſupper without reſolving on a new life: neither dared I to ſtay from it; nor did I ever attend without being wrought on by the Spirit of God.

The latter end of this year I had a malignant fever, and believed I ſhould die. I felt myſelf totally unprepared to appear before a holy God, and was in great diſtreſs: I earneſtly entreated him to ſpare me a little longer, and reſolved I would then lead a new life indeed. A patient forbearing God of love liſtened to my requeſt, and did not cut the *fig-tree* down. One night, during this illneſs, I dreamed my ſoul was departed out of the body, and I, with three of my couſins* (with whom I had a cloſe intimacy, and who I thought had

*Theſe three couſins were, *Robert Roe*, whoſe experience and death is related in the Arminian Magazine; and two of his ſiſters, *Mary* and *Frances*.—Theſe are all now aſleep in Jeſus, and their happy ſpirits rejoicing before his throne; though, at the time of this dream, they were utterly unawakened.

left the body alſo) was waiting in dreadful expectation of being ſummoned to the bar of God: and we all believed our doom would be everlaſting darkneſs! My ſins all appeared as in array againſt me in the court of conſcience, and my mouth was ſtopped; I had no plea whatſoever, no hope: for it ſeemed the juſtice of God muſt unavoidably ſentence me to endleſs miſery, which I felt to be my real deſert; and was bewailing my own folly with bitter cries and lamentations. Their employ, I thought, was the ſame; each for ourſelves, dreading the worm that dieth not, and the fire which never ſhall be quenched! When, ſuddenly there appeared a cloud of uncommon brightneſs, and ſoon after a glorious angel deſcended in the cloud, and ſtood before us, clothed in white, and diſplayed a majeſty and beauty not to be deſcribed. We beheld his approach with trembling awe, and almoſt an agony of deſpair: believing he was ſent to ſummon us to receive the deſerved, but dreadful ſentence, *Depart ye cursed!* But, to our inconceivable ſurprize, he ſmiled on us with heavenly ſweetneſs, and ſaid, "The LORD JESUS CHRIST has forgiven ALL your ſins, and waſhed you in his own blood, and I am come to bid you enter into the joy of your Lord, and to conduct you to his bliſsful preſence!" Being now ſuddenly tranſported from depths of miſery, into joy unſpeakable, love beyond compare, and extreme delight; I thought I ſprang up, and clapped my hands, and leaped for joy, and praiſed my God in extacies unknown before; ſo that it awoke me! Never did I feel any thing like what I felt in this dream, ſleeping or waking, before or after, till the Lord did truly ſpeak my ſins forgiven. This made a deep impreſſion on my mind for ſome time. For a month or two I was very ſerious and circumſpect; and read all the religious books I could meet with. One of theſe, I remember, aſſerted, that we are all to be judged according to our works. Therefore, if our good works are more than our evil ones, we are in a fair and ſure way to heaven when we die: but if our evil works exceed our good, we may expect condemnation. I thought I would impartially examine myſelf by this rule, and ſee what hope I ſhould have for my own ſoul on theſe terms. I therefore made a little day-book, in which I put down every good and bad action with great ſincerity; at the ſame time, praying to God to ſhew me if I was in the way to heaven or not. But then there were many things (as before obſerved) which I did not think ſinful: and again, many things I accounted good actions, becauſe, entirely ignorant that an impure motive, in the ſight of that

God who ſearcheth the heart, renders our actions, however ſplendid in the ſight of men, abominable before him. Every act of obedience to my elders, or ſuperiors, I accounted a good action; as alſo every prayer I offered, every ordinance I attended, every time I ſpoke the truth inſtead of denying a fault; and in order to ſwell the number of my good actions, I would ſometimes refuſe going to play, or to an entertainment, and read to my mother at home. Nay, with this view, I have faſted whole days from morning till evening: but, after all, I found my bad actions more than my good ones. Yet I went on reſolving to be better; and ſtill keeping the account, till being at a dance, I pulled out my day-book with my pocket-handkerchief, and it was found, and made the jeſt of the company. I was then ſo aſhamed, that I reſolved to follow this method no more.

I met with another book, which affirmed, it was impoſſible to conquer all ſins at once; and if ever we could obtain victory, it muſt be by overcoming firſt one, and then another. Pride and anger I felt to be my moſt beſetting ſins, and therefore ſet myſelf againſt theſe in particular. But I was foiled in every attempt, and it ſeemed, as the poet ſays, "The more I ſtrove againſt its power, I ſinned and ſtumbled but the more." So that this trial, only made a more clear diſcovery that pride was interwoven with my every thought, and word, and action. I was now quite diſcouraged, and thought it was all in vain to ſtrive for a victory, ſo impoſſible to gain! I then looked round, and conſidered the conduct of others: and when I ſaw them more trifling, more wicked than myſelf, and ſome of them, who paſſed for amiable characters, guilty of things which my ſoul ſhuddered at, I began to conclude, I was very good, compared with theſe: and ſurely *all* theſe would not be doomed to hell and damnation! That God was merciful, Chriſt died for ſinners, and therefore, if I lived a tolerable moral life, he would pardon the reſt, and accept me through the merits of Chriſt in the hour of death, or at leaſt I had as good a chance as others; and therefore would caſt away fear, and live like the reſt of my moral neighbours. I was ſome time, however, before I had ſo reſiſted the convictions of the Spirit of God, as to remain at eaſe: he ſtrove with me various ways, till I was a little more than fifteen. But I ſo repeatedly grieved and quenched the motions of that Holy Spirit, that I was then, in ſome meaſure, given up to my own fooliſh, rebellious heart. Dreſs, novels, plays, cards, aſſemblies, and balls, took up moſt of my time, ſo that my mother began to fear that

conſequence of my living ſo much above my ſtation in life. But I would not now liſten to her admonitions. I loved pleaſures, and after them I would go.

What encreaſed my vanity and pride was, that I was much beloved by my Godmother, a lady of very conſiderable fortune, and often ſpent moſt of the ſummer months at Adlington with her; where I was always treated as if ſhe intended to beſtow a handſome fortune on me. She introduced me into the company of thoſe in high life, and enabled me, by large preſents, to dreſs in a manner ſuitable to ſuch company. O! how fatal, in general, are ſuch proſpects to a young mind! Yet, in all this, I ſtill wiſhed to preſerve a religious appearance. I ſtill frequented Church and Sacraments, ſtill prayed night and morning; faſted ſome times, and eſpecially in Lent: and becauſe I did theſe things, eſteemed myſelf a far better Chriſtian than my neighbours. Yea, ſo blind was I, that I had a better opinion now of my own goodneſs than formerly, when I was far more earneſt about ſalvation. What a proof that ſin darkens the underſtanding!

In the ſummer of 1773, I was at Adlington with my Godmother abovementioned; when I heard various accounts of a Clergyman, whom my Uncle *Roe* had recommended to be Curate at Macclesfield, and who was ſaid to be a Methodiſt. This conveyed to *my* mind as unpleaſing an idea of him, as if he had been a Romiſh Prieſt: being fully perſuaded that to be a Methodiſt was to be all that is vile, under the maſk of piety. Theſe prejudices were owing to the falſe ſtories, which, from time to time, I heard repeated to my father, when about ſeven or eight years old; and alſo many more, which my mother heard after his death, and to the preſent time: ſo that I believed their teachers were the falſe prophets ſpoken of in ſcripture; that they deceived the illiterate, and were little better than common pick-pockets; that they filled ſome of their hearers with preſumption, and drove others to deſpair; that, with reſpect to their doctrines, they enforced chiefly, that whoſoever embraced their tenets, which they called faith, might live as they pleaſed, in all ſin, and be ſure of ſalvation; and that all the world beſides muſt be damned without remedy. That they had dark meetings, and pretended to caſt out devils, with many other things equally falſe and abſurd; but all which I beleived. I heard alſo, that this new Clergyman preached againſt all my favourite diverſions, ſuch as going to plays, reading novels, attending balls, aſſemblies, card-tables, &c. But I reſolved

he ſhould not make a convert of *me*; and that if I found him, on my return home, ſuch as was repreſented, I would not go often to hear him.

When I came back to Macclesfield, the whole town was in an alarm. My Uncle *Roe*, and my couſins, ſeemed very fond of Mr. *Simpson*, and told me he was a moſt excellent man; but all the reſt of my relations were exaſperated againſt him. I aſked, is it true he preaches againſt dancing? and ſaid, I was reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of converſing with him, being certain I could eaſily prove ſuch amuſements were not ſinful. Being told what arguments he made uſe of, I revolved them in my mind; fully determined, if I found upon reflection, I *could* anſwer them, I would. I firſt conſidered if any Scripture example could be brought. I remembered to read of *Miriam*'s dancing; but it was to expreſs her pious joy to the Lord, and as an act of worſhip, accompanied by a hymn of praiſe. *David* danced alſo, but it was in like manner, and from like motives. *Herod*'s daughter danced, but ſhe was a heathen, and the cauſe of beheading a ſervant of God. Nothing, therefore, which I found in ſcripture, countenanced dancing in any meaſure. I then began to conſider the objections urged againſt it. One of theſe was, That, as it tends to levity and trifling mirth; ſo it enervates the mind, diſſipates the thoughts, weakens, if not ſtifles, ſerious and good impreſſions; and quite indiſpoſes the mind for prayer. I aſked my own heart, is not this a truth? conſcience anſwered in the affirmative. Mr. *Simpson* pleads farther, What good is promoted hereby? I would gladly have had it to urge, it promotes health: but many inſtances of thoſe who have loſt health, and even life, within my own knowledge, through attending this very diverſion, would not permit this. Among others, I had a recent proof in Miſs *H.* who, by a violent cold and ſurfeit, got at an aſſembly, was thrown into a galloping conſumption; and in a few months, fled to an awful eternity. Again, he pleads, are you made better Chriſtians, better Huſbands, better children hereby? Better Chriſtians, I was conſcious none could be, for having the mind diſſipated, and unfitted for prayer. Some huſbands I knew who were not made better, and ſome wives, who, to ſupport extravagant dreſs on ſuch occaſions, had greatly injured their families. For my own part, I was conſcious it had led *me* to dreſs, and to expences, not ſuited to my preſent ſituation in life. Theſe thoughts brought powerful convictions to my mind, notwithſtanding my deſire to reſiſt them. I *could not* deny that

truth in particular; that those who habitually attend such pleasures, lose all relish for spiritual things: God is shut out of their thoughts and hearts, prayer, if they use any, is full of wanderings, or perhaps wholly neglected; and death put as far as possible out of sight, lest the thought should spoil their pleasures. I was conscious, beyond a doubt, these were the fruits this delusive pleasure had wrought in my own soul: and comparing my present state of mind with what it was before I entered upon this diversion, so mistakenly called innocent, I found cause to be deeply ashamed. But then, if this be really true, (said I to myself) I ought not to follow this amusement any longer: and can I give it up? My vile heart replied, I *cannot*, I *will* not! The Spirit of God whispered; "Will you then indulge yourself in what you *know* to be sin? Would you wish to be struck dead in the ball-room?" My conflict was great; yet I was resolved to run all hazards rather than give up this pleasure. Therefore I stifled these convictions with all my might; and after this, ran more eagerly than ever, into all pleasurable follies. O! my patient, long-suffering God, tears of grateful love and praise overflow mine eyes, when I consider my deep rebellion, and thy sparing mercy!

About this time, I grew tired of novels, and took great delight in reading history. I went through several English and Roman histories, *Rollins*'s Ancient History, *Stackhouse*'s History of the Bible, intending to go through the Universal History also. And now I believed myself far wiser than any person of my age: upon the whole, I believe I was at this time on the pinnacle of destruction! and had a Just and Holy God, then cut the brittle thread of life, I know I should have sunk into hell. But love had swifter wings than death, and mercy to my rescue flew!

In Oct. 1773, a neighbour of my mother's being very ill, and very poor, I went to visit her, and found her, to my great surprize, joyfully triumphing over death, yea, longing to be gone. This affected me much; for I felt I was in a quite different state; that if death should approach *me*, he would be a King of Terrors! And I had no hope of happiness beyond the grave. About this time, also, Mr. *Simpson*'s sermons began to sink more deeply into my heart. So great was my obstinacy and folly, that I would come out of Church weeping, and with the next person I met, would ridicule the sermon that affected me; lest I should be thought, or called a Methodist! I began, however, in my serious moments, to resolve again, and again, I would break off my

ſins by true repentance; and eſpecially, that I would dance no more. Yet, time after time, I was prevailed on by my carnal friends, and broke the promiſe I had made to my God.

Jan. 1ſt. 1774, I was deeply wrought upon by a ſermon preached on, *What ſhall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?* And ſoon after, under another, on the Epiſtle to the Church of Laodicea. Again, while Mr. *Simpſon* preached on the New Birth, from *John* iii. 3. I ſaw, and felt, as I had never done before, that I *muſt* experience that divine change, or periſh.—But I had ſtill one great hindrance, which I have not yet mentioned, namely, a young perſon, for whom I had a ſincere affection: He, and two of his ſiſters, with whom alſo I had formed a ſtrict intimacy from the death of my father, were my conſtant companions; and were more ſeriouſly diſpoſed than any of the reſt. However, I was ſenſible, if I renounced my pleaſures, and became what God, and my own conſcience now required, I muſt, in the firſt place, give *him* up, and that *fully*; or he would be the means of drawing *me* back: for he was yet unawakened, though outwardly moral.

But I could not yet make this ſacrifice. Therefore I continued to go to aſſemblies, though conſcience *bled*; and often in the midſt of the dance, I felt as miſerable as a creature could be, with a ſenſe of guilt, and fears of death and hell. Sometimes thoſe words were applied, *It is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks.* And indeed ſo I felt it. Yet I would not acknowledge my unhappineſs to any, but carried it off with the appearance of gaiety; and at the laſt aſſembly I ever attended, never ſat down the whole night; but danced till four o'clock in the morning. Soon after this, however, the Lord wrought a much deeper work upon my ſoul.

In April, 1774, on the Sunday before Eaſter, Mr. *Simpſon* preached from *John* vi. 44. *No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath ſent me draw him.* Explaining the drawings of the Father, he related his own experience under the name of *Euſebius*, brought up in all moral duties, an attendant on Church and Sacrament, and one who ſaid many prayers. Yet, when twenty-two years old, was deeply convinced he had never been a CHRISTIAN: Could then ſay feelingly, what he had often repeated in words only, *The remembrance of my ſins is grievous unto me: the burden of them is intolerable.* (All this ſunk into my very ſoul;

this was juſt *my* caſe.) He mourned, and wept, and prayed! And one day as he was in prayer, and had ſuch a view of his paſt ſinfulneſs, and preſent guilt and pollution, as almoſt deprived him of all hope; the Lord ſuddenly removed his burden, and ſpoke pardon and peace to his ſoul; ſo that he felt his ſins were all forgiven. Lord, ſaid I, if this be truth, (and I cannot diſbelieve it) never let me reſt till I obtain a like bleſſing. He went on to obſerve the nature of this change, and the objections made in our day to this doctrine of the New Birth. One of theſe objections he dwelt upon, viz. "We are born again when *baptized*;" but proved, if it *were* even ſo, we muſt ſtill repent anew, and be forgiven, ſince all have broken the baptiſmal vow. Then he appealed to each; "Have *you* renounced the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, with every ſinful deſire?" While I could only plead, guilty, guilty. "Have you never taken the name of God in vain? never profaned his Sabbaths? never ſet up idols in your heart? If you have done theſe things, you have broken the firſt four commandments of God." I pleaded guilty here alſo; for, though with reſpect to the third, I could not accuſe myſelf of profanely ſwearing, or even naming my Maker in converſation as many do; yet, this prohibition alſo condemned me, in having taken the name of God in vain into my polluted lips in his houſe of worſhip; and appearing before men engaged in devotion, while my heart was wandering to the ends of the earth. As he paſſed through the reſt of the commandments, I could ſtill plead nothing but guilty. And when, in the application of his ſermon, he aſked, "Now, what think you of the ſtate of your ſouls before God?" I felt myſelf, indeed, a loſt, periſhing, undone ſinner; a rebel againſt repeated convictions and drawings; a rebel againſt light and knowledge, a condemned criminal by the law of God, who deſerved to be ſentenced to eternal pain! I felt I had broken my baptiſmal vow; my confirmation vow; my ſacramental vows; and had no title to claim any mercy, any hope, any plea! I wept aloud, ſo that all around me were amazed; nor was I any longer aſhamed to own the cauſe. I went home, ran up ſtairs, and fell on my knees; and made a ſolemn vow to renounce and forſake *all* my ſinful pleaſures, and trifling companions.

I ſlept not that night; but aroſe early next morning, and without telling my mother, took all my finery, high-dreſſed caps, &c. and ripped them all up, ſo that I could wear them no more. Then cut my hair ſhort, that it might not be in

my *own* power to have it dreſſed; and in the moſt ſolemn manner, vowed never to DANCE again! I could do nothing now but bewail my own ſinfulneſs, and cry for mercy. I could not eat, or ſleep, or take any comfort. The curſes throughout the whole Bible ſeemed pointed all at *me*; and I could not claim a ſingle promiſe. I ſaw my whole life had been nothing but ſin and rebellion againſt my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and I feared it was now too late to ſeek mercy.

Thus I continued till Good-Friday. My mother thought I was loſing my ſenſes, and all my friends endeavoured to comfort me in vain. After many conflicts and ſtrong fears, I ventured however once more, to approach the Lord's table; encouraged by thoſe words, *A broken and a contrite heart, O God thou wilt not deſpiſe.* As Mr. *Simpſon* was reading that ſentence in the communion ſervice, *If any man ſin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our ſins*, a ray of divine light and comfort was darted on my ſoul, and I cried, Lord Jeſus, let me feel thou art the propitiation for MY ſins. I was enabled to believe, there was mercy for me; and I, even I ſhould be ſaved! I felt love to God ſpring up in my heart, and in a meaſure, could rejoice in him, ſo that I would have given all the world to have died at that moment. But, alas, this was only for a ſhort ſeaſon! In the evening, one of my couſins calling on me, who had been a witneſs to my late diſtreſs, I told her of the comfort I had received; and added, I am now not afraid to die. She immediately exclaimed, it would be great preſumption to ſay ſo, for even Mr. *Simpſon*, whom ſhe believed the beſt man on earth, ſaid, he deſerved to go to hell. My joy was damped immediately; and Satan telling me I had deceived myſelf, I gave up my confidence, loſt my peace, and became again very unhappy.

It had been well for me, if I had then known the Methodiſts: but I had none to inſtruct me. Yet my diſtreſs was not the ſame as before. I had now a ray of hope in God, that he would make me a new creature by grace; and thoſe horrible and ſlaviſh fears of hell, were removed. I felt my nature all depraved, and my ſoul full of wounds, and bruiſed by ſin. Yea, and I abhorred myſelf, truly repenting before my God, and ſeeking him with my whole heart, in every mean of grace. I had never yet *heard* the Methodiſts; nor had I loſt all my prejudices againſt them;

but a neighbour who had lately found peace with God, adviſed me ſtrongly to go; and aſſured me they had been the means of great bleſſing to his ſoul. I would not promiſe, but reſolved to go privately, ſo that the Preacher, nor any other perſon ſhould know of it till afterwards. I ſoon after went at five o'clock one morning, and got into a private ſeat. Mr. *Samuel Bardsley* preached from, *Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.* I thought every word was for *me!* He ſpoke to my heart, as if he had known all the ſecret workings there; and pointed all ſuch ſinners, as I felt myſelf to be, to JESUS CRUCIFIED. I was much comforted: my prejudices were now fully removed, and I received a full and clear conviction, *These are the people of God, and shew*, in truth, *the way of salvation.*

But now I had new difficulties to encounter: I knew, if I perſiſted in hearing the Methodiſts, I muſt literally give up *all.* My mother had already threatened, if ever ſhe knew me to hear them, ſhe would diſown me. Every friend and relation I had in the world, I had reaſon to believe, would do the ſame. I had no acquaintance *then* among the Methodiſts to take me in; nor knew any refuge to fly to but my God. I uſed much prayer, and entreated him to ſhew me his will; when thoſe words were powerfully applied, *Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded?* I anſwered, No Lord; and I will truſt thee! But Satan ſuggeſted, "Thou haſt no right to truſt God; thou art not *his* child, but a ſinner, a rebel!" I fell on my knees, and cried, Lord I am a *repenting* ſinner, and thou knoweſt I have laid down my weapons of rebellion! If I periſh, I will periſh at thy feet! only ſhew me thy will, and here I am. It was then applied, *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.* I cried, Lord, I *will* forſake *all* and follow thee: I will *joyfully* bear thy croſs; only give me thyſelf. From that time I reſolved, I would at all hazards, attend the preaching. I did ſo at all opportunities, and it was a great comfort to me.

But when my mother heard of it, a flood-gate of perſecution opened upon me! In this time of need, God raiſed me up a friend, in my Uncle *Roe*, which prevented my mother turning me out of doors. Yet, what I ſuffered, ſometimes through her tears and entreaties, and at other times, her ſeverity, is known only to God. But *he* ſtrengthened a feeble worm, and enabled me to endure all with meekneſs, as ſeeing him who is inviſible. For eight weeks, however, I was cloſely confined. My Godmother came

to talk with me; so did my mother's brother, and my father's sister; also a clergyman, and several others: but the Lord gave me a mouth and wisdom to plead my own cause, with arguments from his word, so that they were in some measure *all* put to silence.

In August, my mother took me with her to Adlington, on our usual summer's visit; though now quite contrary to *my* inclination; for I found it a great grief to be separated from the means of grace, and from the dear people of God. Yet I dared not to refuse her all obedience, which I could render with a safe conscience. And though I believed she hoped to wean me from (what she called) my melancholy and enthusiasm hereby; yet the Lord kept me stedfast and immoveable. The deep sense I had of my own weakness and inability to resist evil, or follow that which is good; and the great fears I had of ever again grieving the Holy Spirit, lest he should strive with me no more for ever; convinced me of the absolute need of using much and constant prayer. I therefore left all company many times in a day to retire in secret. I refused to conform in dress; or in any thing my conscience disapproved; and when called upon, gave reasons for my conduct as the Lord enabled me; but always with meekness, and often with tears of self-abasement; so that in a little time, finding all their efforts vain, they began to let me alone: Only I was made to understand, I had now nothing to expect from my God-mother, as to temporal things. This, however, weighed nothing with me, for all my language was,

"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven."

In October we returned home; and I now reasoned with my mother, and entreated her not to confine me any more; telling her in humility, and yet plainness, I *must* seek salvation to my soul whatever be the consequence: and in order to obtain the end, I must use the means. I am therefore determined to leave you, and go to be a servant, rather than be kept from the Methodists. Yet, if you will consent to it, I should greatly prefer continuing in your house, though it should be as *your* servant: and I am willing to undertake all the work of the house, if you will only suffer me to attend preaching. She listened to my proposals; and, after consulting with her friends, consented to comply on this last condition: for she and they were agreed, that I, who had never been accustomed to hard labour, would soon be weary

and give it up. But they knew not the power and goodneſs of that God, who ſtrengthened me in all my tribulation.

Nov. 1ſt. I entered upon my new employments joyfully, undertaking my every labour for his ſake, who bled for me on Calvary! And began to feel, at times, much comfort, and reviving hopes, that my redemption drew near; and the happy hour, when I ſhould praiſe a pardoning God. Mr. *Wesley*'s Sermon on Juſtification, was a great encouragement to me, on thoſe words; *To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that juſtifieth the ungodly, his faith is imputed to him for righteouſneſs.* This ſermon I read many times over with prayer, and could ſometimes almoſt embrace the promiſes.

Monday 10, I had ſtrong conflicts with Satan, who told me I had as good give up all, for I ſhould never obtain a pardon! I had ſinned beyond hope! I felt my heart very hard, and he ſuggeſted, "This is a proof God has given thee up to hardneſs and impenitence: Where is thy repentance, and tears, and brokenneſs of heart? If thou couldſt repent, and weep, and mourn like others, there would be hope! But where is thy ſorrow for ſin? Thou canſt not ſhed a tear." I was ſo burdened and diſtreſſed that day, that I could not go forward with my work, and my mother reproached me. But I beſieged the throne of grace with ſtrong crying and ſupplications to him that was able to ſave; and who well knew the Spirit's groanings in my heart.

My Couſin *Charles Roe*, then much devoted to God, put into my hands a little pamphlet, entitled, "The great Duty of believing on the Son of God." Jeſus was here ſet forth in all his lovelineſs of free grace, towards a poor returning prodigal, as *every* way ſuited to the ſinner's wants, and all-ſufficient to ſave the vileſt of the vile! As willing now; even as willing as when he hung on Calvary, bleeding and dying to ſave ſinners; yea, his very murderers! I was much encouraged in reading this, and would gladly have ſpent the night in prayer. But my mother (with whom I ſlept) would not ſuffer it. I therefore went to bed, but could not ſleep; and at four in the morning, roſe again, that I might wreſtle with the Lord. I prayed, but it ſeemed in vain! I walked to and fro, groaning for mercy, then fell on my knees; but the heavens appeared as braſs; and hope ſeemed almoſt ſunk into deſpair! When ſuddenly, the Lord ſpake that promiſe to my heart, *Believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.* I revived, and cried, Lord, I *know* this is thy word, and I can

depend on it. But what is faith? O ſhew me *how* to believe; ſhew me what is the *Gospel* faith, or I am yet undone! I *desire* not deliverance, except in thy own way: I deſire *no* happineſs, but thy favour. What ſhall I do? O teach me, O help me, or I am loſt! That word came with divine evidence and ſweetneſs to my heart, *Cast all thy care upon him, for he careth for thee.* I ſaid, Lord, doſt thou care for me! and is this faith, to caſt all my care, even all my SINS (for I have no other care) upon thee? May I? Doſt thou bid *me?* a poor hell-deſerving ſinner; a ſinner againſt light, and conviction, and repeated vows; can ſuch love dwell in thee? Is it not too eaſy a way? May I, even I be *saved*, if I only caſt my ſoul on Jeſus: my burden of ſin, my load of guilt; my every crime? What! ſaved from *all* this guilt; ſaved into the favour of God! the Holy God! and become his child; and that *now*—this *moment!*—O it is too great;—it cannot, ſurely it cannot be! (O what a ſtruggle had Satan and unbelief with my helpleſs, ſinful ſoul!) But the Lord applied, *Fear not, only believe.* Satan ſuggeſted, take care! ſuppoſe Jeſus Chriſt ſhould fail thee; ſuppoſe he be not God! What if he were an impoſtor, as the Jews believe! O the agony my ſoul felt at that moment! But I cried, If this be ſo, I am undone without remedy! None but ſuch a Saviour as Jeſus declares himſelf to be, (God as well as man) can ſave my guilty, polluted ſoul! The blood of GOD MAN alone, can atone for *me!* His power alone can change my rebel heart; my diſeaſe is too deep for any other. I can only periſh, nothing can be worſe, ſo there is no hazard. If he *be* God, he is *able*, and he *will* ſave me according to his promiſe; *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* If he *be* God, he *must* be TRUTH, and *cannot* deceive me. And if not, a Holy God will be a conſuming fire to the ſinner! and there is no Saviour, no way of ſalvation:—I *must* endure the deſert of my ſins—I *must* endure everlaſting burnings; and therefore, here I will lie and periſh at his feet! Again it came, *Only believe.* Lord Jeſus, ſaid I, I *will*, I *do* believe: I now venture my *whole* ſalvation upon thee *as* GOD! I put my guilty ſoul into thy hands, thy blood is ſufficient! I caſt my ſoul upon thee, for *time* and *eternity*. THEN did he appear to my ſalvation. In *that* moment my fetters were broken, my bands were looſed, and my ſoul ſet at liberty. The love of God was ſhed abroad in my heart, and I rejoiced with joy unſpeakable. Now, if I had poſſeſſed ten thouſand ſouls, I could have ventured them

all with my JESUS—I would given have them all to him! I felt a thousand promises all my own; more than a thousand scriptures to confirm my evidence; such as, *He that believeth shall be saved—shall not perish—is not condemned—hath everlasting life—is passed from death unto life—shall never die:—There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus*, &c. I could now call JESUS Lord by the Holy Ghost; and the Father, my Father. My sins were gone, my soul was happy, and I longed to depart and be with Jesus. I was truly a new creature, and seemed to be in a new world! I could do nothing but love and praise my God; and could not refrain continually repeating, Thou art my Father! O God, Thou art *my* God! while tears of joy ran down my cheeks.

My mother was astonished at the change which appeared in my countenance and whole deportment; and I soon told her the happy cause—That I, a poor sinner, had received forgiveness, and could call God my Father and my Friend. Now, said I, I am repaid a thousand times for all I have suffered. One hour's experience of what I now feel is, in itself, rich amends for all! But I see an eternity of bliss before! and added, O that you knew what I feel! My words and flowing tears made her weep; but she said little, being all wonder. With what joy and gratitude did I now undergo the most servile of all my employments; yea, and it seemed with double strength of body; though I could neither eat or sleep much for many days and nights. The love of God shed abroad in my heart was now my meat and drink; and the thoughts of the amazing depths of grace, which had plucked me as a brand from the burning, quite overcame me!—*Me*, the most obstinate offender, who had so *long*, and so *repeatedly* resisted and grieved his Holy Spirit! This love of my God and Saviour, so unmerited and free, overflowed my soul; nor had I for eight months, any interruption to my bliss.

"Not a cloud did arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment, my Lord from my eyes."

Yet I had daily crosses to take up and endure: but I rejoiced in being accounted worthy to bear a cross for him, who died to purchase my peace. The word of God was sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb. I generally read it on my knees; ever receiving light, strength, and comfort to my hungry soul hereby.

About six months after this, my Cousin *Robert Roe* came from Manchester to go to the college in Oxford: being

intended for a Clergyman. The great change in me, was matter of much grief to him. But what moſt aſtoniſhed him, was to find me, inſtead of being melancholy and mopiſh, always happy and rejoicing in God: reſigned to ſufferings and labours, which he well knew, I could not once have ſubmitted to. He ſaw my pride laid in the duſt; and my ſoul ſunk into humility. In ſhort, he ſaw me the reverſe of *all* I had been before; and comparing my preſent conduct with the ſcriptures, he was conſtrained to own the power of changing grace; was convinced by the Spirit of God that I was right, and of conſequence, that he was not what he ought to be, and what he *muſt* be, if ever he were ſaved. He ſoon became ſo unhappy, that he had no reſt; and at laſt wrote to me, entreating, for his ſoul's ſake, I would anſwer him the following queſtions: "How did you obtain the happineſs you ſpeak of?—Are you certain it is real and from God; and not a deluſion, or imagination only?—Does it ariſe from an expreſs declaration from God; or a conſciouſneſs of having performed your duty?—Is it ſome viſible manifeſtation you enjoy; or ſome hoped happineſs?—I *know* I am a great ſinner! I am miſerable beyond expreſſion: and can hardly hope for any thing *but* miſery in time, or in eternity! I would give up all the world to obtain the favour of God you ſpeak of; but I know not which way to attain it. If you can lead me in the heavenly path, you will render me happy indeed. O! pray for your unhappy friend, &c. *R. R.*"

Theſe lines appearing the genuine language of ſincerity, I wrote immediately in anſwer, a brief relation of all the Lord's dealings with my ſoul; inviting him to the ſame loving and all-ſufficient Saviour. I adviſed him to hear the Methodiſts, and go to claſs-meeting; in which he found much comfort, and advanced in grace daily; deſiring and ſeeking nothing, but Jeſus crucified: And, on October the 17th, 1775, a few weeks only before he went to Oxford, the Lord ſet his ſoul at liberty; and he rejoiced in a clear ſenſe of his pardoning love. (The reader may find a more particular account of the life, trials, experience, and triumphant death of this Iſraelite indeed, in whom was no guile, in the Arminian Magazines for the years 1783 and 1784, Vol. 6. and 7.) But to return:

About ſeven months after I undertook to be ſervant to my mother, ſhe was ſeized with a fever; and, when juſt recovering, had a relapſe which threatened to be fatal; ſo that for near ſix weeks, I had to ſit up with her every other night; till at laſt my body began to fail. Indeed it was no wonder;

for beſides all my labour and fatigue, I uſed rigorous faſting. The doctor who attended my mother was moved with compaſſion, and inſiſted I ſhould no longer go on with, what he called, ſacrificing my life. He ſpoke to Mrs. *Legh*, my God-mother, who came next day in her chariot to ſee my mother; and to ſee that a proper ſervant, and all needful attendants ſhould be got immediately. I was now freed from my happy toil, about eight months after I undertook it; namely, in Auguſt, 1775. But it was then nearly too late: my health had received ſuch a wound, as it did not recover of many years.

My outward oppoſitions now began to abate; and many of my enemies were at peace with me. And now, alſo, the Lord began to reveal in my heart, that ſin was not all deſtroyed; for, though I had conſtant victory over it, yet I felt the remains of anger, pride, ſelf-will, and unbelief often riſing, which occaſioned a degree of heavineſs and ſorrow. At firſt, I was much amazed to feel ſuch things, and often tempted to think, I had loſt a meaſure of grace: yet, when I looked to my Lord, or whenever I approached him in ſecret, he ſhed his precious love abroad; and bare witneſs alſo with my ſpirit, that I was ſtill his child. Yea, and at this time I received many remarkable anſwers to prayer; many proofs of his undoubted love and goodneſs to my ſoul; and I ever felt, I would rather *die* than offend him; ſo that I was a myſtery to myſelf! I reſolved, however, to uſe more *ſelf-denial* of *all* kinds; and (whatever it coſt me with reſpect to health or life) more faſting and prayer; for I hoped by theſe means, to mortify and ſtarve the evil tempers and propenſities of my nature, till they ſhould exiſt no more; and if my body expired in the combat, I thought I was certain of endleſs life. I met with ſome alſo who told me, nothing but death would end this ſtrife! That this is the Chriſtian's warfare, which cannot end but with the life of the body. After ſome time, I began to believe theſe miſerable comforters, and of conſequence, longed for nothing ſo much as to die: yea, I was *impatient* to be gone, that I might be freed from ſin; for I truly felt, and more ſo every day, "'Twas worſe than death my God to love, and not my God alone." My body was reduced now to a very weak ſtate; and I was pronounced far gone in a conſumption, which I eſteemed bleſſed tidings. I looked on myſelf as one that had done with earth, and cried, *O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at reſt.* Yea, ſo deſirous was I to quit the vale of *ſin* (as I called it) here below, that I could not be prevailed

on to take any thing which I believed would tend to reſtore my health, and therefore, continued to decline very ſwiftly. In the latter end of December, I was brought ſo weak, that I could not walk about the room without help, and ſoon after took my bed, ſeeming apparently on the verge of eternity. One day, after ſitting up a little, I felt myſelf ſo weak, that I believed I ſhould riſe no more, till my ſoul took its flight to the boſom of Jeſus. My joy on this occaſion was inexpreſſible! I begged of the Lord ſtrength to go on my knees once more; and in holy triumph committed body and ſoul to him for eternity. I believed my work on earth quite finiſhed; and was filled with aſſurance that the moment of death, would be to me the beginning of endleſs glory. A taſte of which I then felt; a drop out of the ocean; a beam darted from the unclouded ſun of righteouſneſs, which quite penetrated and overwhelmed my ſoul, and left me in ſpeechleſs rapture at his feet! Yes, I have ever believed, that what I *then* felt, was what thoſe feel and experience on leaving the body, who are *really* dying in the Lord! But infinite wiſdom ſaw good to lengthen out the thread of life; and I have often believed, it was in anſwer to the prayers of his dear children.

A few weeks after this, I felt a degree of diſappointment and ſorrow, on finding a meaſure of returning ſtrength; juſt like a mariner, who got within ſight of a deſired port, is beat back again into a tempeſtuous ocean. One of my couſins coming to ſee me, recommended a ſtrengthening medicine, which I was unwilling to uſe; and told him, I would rather die than live. He ſharply rebuked me for this, ſaying, "You ſet up your own will, while you pretend to ſubmit to the will of God; and, by not taking proper medicines, you are a murderer!" I wept, and ſaid, I think I am reſigned. He aſked, "Are you willing to live forty years, if the Lord pleaſe?" I found a ſhrinking at the thought, and felt I could not at the moment ſay, I *was* willing. He left me, but his words made a deep impreſſion. I fell on my knees, as ſoon as left alone, and cried, Lord, perfectly ſubdue my will. That promiſe was applied with much ſweetneſs, *Ask what ye will, and it ſhall be done unto thee.* I felt aſſuredly, my Lord permitted me to aſk, life or death, and was brought to a ſtand. I felt a thouſand fears ſuggeſted, that if I lived, I might loſe what I now enjoyed of the love of God; and, perhaps, be one day a diſhonour to his cauſe. But I ſaid, Lord, thy grace is ever ſufficient; thou art as able to keep me a thouſand years, as one day! Again, it was

ſuggeſted, if thou liveſt, it will be to *ſuffer*. I cried, Lord thou canſt give me ſuffering grace, and if, by ſuffering, I can in anywiſe glorify thee, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt*. I know to die now would be inſtant glory! But here I am, do with me whatever thou wilt! Thou knoweſt all things, and ſeeſt at one glance, paſt, preſent, and future. One requeſt only, therefore, will I make: If THOU knoweſt my life would glorify thee, I ſubmit to thy will; willing to *ſuffer*, or to *do!* But, if thou foreſeeſt I ſhould, in living, loſe any meaſure of what thou haſt beſtowed; Lord, ſuffer me not to live any longer: or, if hereafter, at any time, thou ſeeſt a danger of my heart departing from thee, O ſnatch me away to thy boſom; and let me not live a moment longer than I live wholly for thee!—And now, O Lord my God, I vow and promiſe unto thee, I will henceforth *entirely* renounce my own will, reſpecting life or death! I leave it fully in thy hands, and to thy pleaſure, to take me now, or to ſpare me twenty, thirty, yea forty years; or, as long as thou ſeeſt my life will bring glory to thee, and profit to immortal ſouls; relying on thy faithful promiſe, given me this day, that what *I ask ſhall be done:* and accounting it a *ſolemn covenant* betwixt *me* and *thee!* that whenſoever thou ſeeſt me about to be overcome by trials, by temptations, or ſnares; ſo that I ſhall in heart, or life, depart from thee, or wound thy cauſe! that *then* thou wilt put in thy ſickle and gather me home: yea, if even at *that* time, I ſhould be ſo fooliſh as to deſire life! Amen and Amen. What I felt of heaven, of God, of love, at that ſeaſon, cannot be expreſſed. I had communion with my Lord, as if face to face; and could henceforth *chuſe* nothing but his will.

From this day forth, I ſpeedily recovered ſtrength; and in a few weeks, was enabled to attend ſome of the means of grace. The Lord was pleaſed to make the preaching of Mr. *D. Wright*, a great bleſſing to me. He clearly explained the nature of ſalvation from inbred ſin; ſhewed it to be as freely promiſed in ſcripture, and as fully purchaſed by the blood of Jeſus, as pardon. Alſo, that, though ſanctification in believers be a gradual work, yet, the *death* of ſin, is inſtantaneous, and to be obtained by faith alone; juſt in like manner as juſtification. He recommended Mr. *Weſley*'s Plain Account, and Farther Thoughts on Chriſtian Perfection; and Mr. *Fletcher*'s Polemical Eſſay, eſpecially his Addreſs in the end of it, to imperfect believers. Theſe yet farther opened my eyes reſpecting that great ſalvation; and for reading them, I ſhall praiſe God to all eternity. I now

was powerfully convinced, that whenever ſin is totally deſtroyed, it is done in a moment. From hence I could not reſt, but cried to the Lord night and day, to caſt out the ſtrong man, and all his armour of unbelief and ſin: aſſured that the power of the living God, and not death, muſt be the executioner! The blood of Jeſus, the procuring cauſe; and faith the only inſtrument. I had a deeper ſenſe of my impurity than ever; and though by grace I was reſtrained from giving way outwardly, yet I felt ſuch inward impatience, pride, fretfulneſs, and in ſhort, every evil temper, that at times, I could truly ſay, I was weary and heavy laden.

I here tranſcribe a brief extract from my journal, kept at that time, as it will moſt clearly deſcribe the language of my heart.

Thurſday, Jan. 18, 1776, I was much comforted by a manifeſt anſwer to prayer. Afterwards, reading three of Mr. *Fletcher*'s Letters to his Pariſhioners, was a great bleſſing. Yet, in the evening, I found many wanderings, and much deadneſs: I felt unſatisfied with myſelf, and all around me, and knew not why. It might, in ſome meaſure, be owing to the indiſpoſition of my body, but I fear it is more owing to the evil of my corrupt heart. O when ſhall I be holy!

Friday 19. I have been greatly tried inwardly and outwardly, though I have had ſome refreſhing viſits of love; but I feel many evil tempers, much ſelf-will that would not be contradicted; (though none ſaw it but the Lord) peeviſhneſs, pride, and unbelief greatly diſtreſſed me. My cry was this evening, *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right ſpirit within me.* And in private prayer, I was bleſſed in a wonderful manner. I lay at the feet of my Lord, as clay in the hands of the potter; only beſeeching him to ſtamp me with his lovely image.

Thurſday 25. The Lord ſhews me more than ever, I muſt be made holy before death; and this day I can ſay, *As the hart panteth after the water-brook*, ſo thirſteth my ſoul for the perfect love of God. O may I never reſt till I have received this bleſſing! Lord, I have in this reſpect been a trifler; I have been too eaſy, too lukewarm, while *thy* enemies have had a lurking place in my heart! O forgive me, and help me to be more in earneſt. Thoſe words were applied, while engaged in wreſtling prayer, *All I have is thine!* And is not this ſalvation from ſin his gift? It is, and ſhall be mine.

Saturday 27. Mr. *Wesley*'s Plain Account of Chriſtian Perfection, was this day a greater bleſſing than before: O how very ignorant, how ſtupid have I been, reſpecting this great ſalvation; and even yet, I ſeem to know nothing: Lord teach me, and ſave me fully. I find, while preſſing after entire purity, my communion with God encreaſes, and I have more power to do his will.

Friday, Feb. 2. I awoke ſeveral times in the night, praying for ſanctification. O the depth of unbelief and of pride! And theſe ſeem only the roots of many other evil branches. O my God, I feel my heart as a den of theives! I loath myſelf, but O! I fall—a leper at thy feet. I believe *the blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin:* But when I would come to the fountain, I ſeem all ignorance and helpleſſneſs. O Lord, teach and ſtrengthen me, for thy mercies ſake!

Saturday 3. I have had deep communion with my God, and much power at a throne of grace. I have a clear evidence of his pardoning love, and want nothing but his whole image ſtamped on my heart.

Thurſday 8. I was greatly comforted this morning in ſpreading open the word of God upon my knees, and praying for a conformity to it. I opened on 1 Theſſ. v. 16—ult. I ſee what is there required, is the very ſalvation my ſoul needs. O! how is it ſummed up in that prayer of the Apoſtle, *Now the very God of peace ſanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole ſpirit, and ſoul, and body be preſerved blameleſs, unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* And would St. *Paul* pray for what they could not obtain? O no! He believed they ſhould be both *ſanctified*, and *preſerved blameleſs;* for he ſays, *Faithful is he who hath called you, who alſo* WILL *do it.* Amen, Lord! Let ME, thy worthleſs creature, prove this word for Jeſu's ſake.

On the morning of Feb. 22, I awoke poorly in body, and felt a ſtrange hardneſs on my heart, and a great backwardneſs to private prayer. Satan told me, if I prayed, it would be only ſolemn mockery; for my body would ſo weigh down my ſoul, that while my words flew up, my thoughts would remain below, and I ſhould obtain no bleſſing. But I cried, *Lord help me*, and fell inſtantly on my knees: for a few moments my ideas were all diſtraction; but the mighty God, ſpoke to the troubled ocean, *Peace, be ſtill!* and there followed a great calm throughout my ſoul. My intercourſe was now open with my beloved, and various promiſes preſented to my believing view. I thought, ſhall I now aſk *ſmall* bleſſings only of my God? Lord, cried I,

make this the moment of my *full* ſalvation! Baptize me *now* with the holy Ghoſt, and the fire of pure love: now, *Make me a clean heart, and renew a right ſpirit within me*: now enter thy temple, and caſt out ſin for ever: now cleanſe the thoughts, deſires, and propenſities of my heart, and let me *perfectly* love thee. But, here Satan raiſed all his force of temptations to oppoſe me; telling me, I had not been long enough juſtified; I had more to ſuffer yet, &c. And my ideas not being yet clear in the *nature* of this bleſſing, gave the enemy an advantage. For, I thought, when *fully* ſaved from ſin, I could ſuffer no more, feel no more pain, make no more miſtakes, my judgment and memory would be perfect, and I ſhould feel *temptation* no more! Therefore, this ſuggeſtion, that I had to *ſuffer* much firſt, had the more plauſibility. But, in that moment, I received light from above, and cried, Lord, till my heart be renewed, I cannot ſuffer as I ought; give me *perfect love*, and I can then bear *all* things! But, ſaid Satan, If this bleſſing *were* given, thou would ſoon loſe it again, in ſuch and ſuch trials which lie before thee: Get thoſe trials paſt, and then come for this bleſſing. But, I cried, Lord, I cannot ſtand thoſe trials without it. O purify my heart, that I may be *able* to ſtand in the trying hour! If I face my ſubtle enemies, while I have a traitor within, ever ready to betray me into their hands, how ſhall I be able to ſtand? But if that *ſtrong man armed, be caſt out, with all his armour*, how much more able ſhall I be to contend with my outward enemies! Many other temptations were injected: but I cried ſo much the more, *Lord, ſave me!* and the Lord gave me that promiſe, *I will circumcise thy heart, and thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart*, &c. I ſaid, Lord, thou art faithful, and this is thy word, I caſt my whole ſoul upon thy promiſe; make known thy faithfulneſs, by performing it on my heart. Circumciſe it now, fill me *now* with thy pure love; ſanctify every faculty of my ſoul; I offer *all* to thee; I give thee all my powers; I take thee, Almighty JESUS, for my WISDOM, my RIGHTEOUSNESS, my SANCTIFICATION. Now, *Cleanſe me from all my filthiness, and from all my idols; take away the heart of ſtone, and give me a heart of fleſh.* I come empty to be filled; deny me not. It would be for thy own glory to ſave me *now*; for how much better could I ſerve thee! It is true, I have no plea but thy mercy! The blood of Jeſus, thy promiſe, and my own great need. O ſave me fully, by an act of *free grace*. Thou haſt ſaid, *He that*

believeth shall be saved; I now take thee at thy word: I do, by faith, caſt myſelf on thy promiſe.—I venture my ſoul on thy veracity; thou CANST NOT DENY! Being purchaſed by thy blood, thy *juſtice* is engaged: being promiſed without money and without price, thy *truth* is bound: Thus, every attribute of my God ſecures it to me.

Ah! why did I ever doubt his willingneſs, when he gave JESUS! Gave him to *deſtroy the works of the devil—to make an end of ſin!* The hindrance lay in *me*, not *him*. He deſired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes: accurſed ſin! But now Lord, I *do* believe; this moment thou *doſt* ſave. Yea, Lord, my ſoul *is* delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all: I am at thy feet, a helpleſs, worthleſs worm; but I take hold of thee as my fulneſs! Every thing that I want, thou art.—Thou art Wiſdom, Strength, Love, Holineſs: yes, and thou art MINE! I am conquered and ſubdued by LOVE. Thy love ſinks me into nothing:—It overflows my ſoul. O, my Jeſus, thou art all in all! In thee I behold and feel all the fulneſs of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the intercourſe is open: ſin, inbred ſin, no longer hinders the cloſe communion, and God is all my own!

O, the depth of ſolid peace, my ſoul now felt! But not ſo much rapturous joy, as at juſtification: It was,

> "The ſacred awe, which dares not move;
> And all the ſilent heaven of love!

Yet, when I roſe from my knees, Satan once more aſſaulted me with, "Thou art going to face various trials, and a cooling world: thou wilt ſoon loſe this bleſſing." But, inſtantly that Scripture was given me; *He that keepeth Iſrael neither ſlumbereth nor ſleepeth: The Lord himſelf is thy keeper! It is even HE that ſhall preſerve thy ſoul: The Lord ſhall preſerve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and for ever more.* Lord, ſaid I, I feel my own inſufficiency: I can do nothing; I can reſiſt nothing; but I commit the powers of my ſoul, the avenues of my heart, to thy keeping. Again, he graciouſly applied, *Bleſſed is ſhe that believeth: for there ſhall be a performance of thoſe things which were told her from the Lord.* My God, ſaid I, it is enough! My ſoul *does* truſt thee, and I *will* praiſe thee.

I now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance; *Rejoicing evermore; praying without ceaſing; and in every thing giving thanks.* I reſolved, however, at firſt, I would not openly declare what the Lord had wrought: but it was ſeen in my countenance; and, when aſked reſpecting it, I

durſt not deny the wonders of his love! I ſoon found that repeating his goodneſs, confirmed my own faith more and more. And ſo did the Lord bleſs me, in declaring it, (yea, and bleſſed others alſo,) that I was conſtrained to witneſs to all who feared him;

"His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for me."

I dare not to live above a moment at a time; and that moment by faith in the Son of God. I never felt till now the full meaning of thoſe words; *In him we live, and move, and have our being:* and again, *I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and be their God: I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts.* Glory be to my God, I *felt* it written there: It was no longer I lived, but Chriſt that lived in me!

"Yea, Chriſt is all in all to me;
And all my heart was love.

Friday 23. Glory, honour, and eternal praiſe be to the God of love, for ever and ever! His own arm hath brought ſalvation to my feeble, helpleſs ſoul. I am now wholly his! I do love the Lord my God with all my heart, and ſoul, and ſtrength. I am nothing, and Jeſus is my all. The enemy is often ſuggeſting, "Thou wilt ſoon loſe the bleſſing: thou canſt not ſtand long." But my heart anſwers, I will hang upon, and truſt my God, as long as I have any being; and I know he will ſupply a feeble worm with power! I have alſo opened on many ſweet promiſes to-day. I find momentary power now to pray, and believe: yea, I live by faith!

Saturday 24. Laſt night, and this morning, I have deep communion with my God. I feel I am, indeed, one with Chriſt, and Chriſt is one with me: I dwell in Chriſt, and Chriſt in me. O bleſſed union with him my ſoul loveth! And the more I feel of his great love, the more I ſink at his feet in humbling views of my own nothingneſs; and here it is, I would ever lie: this is my own place: Jeſus alone is exalted; and I, a poor ſinner ſaved from ſin!

Sunday 25. Glory be to God for the beſt Sabbath I ever knew! My body was ſo very weak and poorly, I could not go to preaching; but the Lord was with me, and gave me freſh diſcoveries of my own emptineſs and poverty, and of his abundant fulneſs. Thoſe words were alſo powerfully applied, *Now ye are clean through the words which I have ſpoken unto you: Abide in me, and I in you: As the branch*

cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I alſo feel that gracious promiſe mine, *If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you; ye ſhall ask what ye will, and it ſhall be done unto you.* O the condeſcenſion of God to a poor worm! What a grant is this! My ſoul draws near, and humbly aſks,

"Enlarge my faith's capacity, wider, and yet wider ſtill;
Then, with all that is in thee, my ſoul for ever fill."

Thurſday 29. I was ſo happy, that I could not ſleep in the night: O what deep communion did my ſoul enjoy with God! It was indeed a foretaſte of heaven itſelf. This morning I prayed for a portion of ſcripture to be impreſſed on my heart, that ſhould abide with, comfort, and direct me all the day; and I opened on, *Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you; and ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God both with your body, and with your ſpirit, which are God's.* Sweet portion! O my bleſſed Lord! I rejoice that I am thy purchaſed property, and not my own; and to thee I gladly yield body, ſoul, and ſpirit.

March 5. For ſome days it has been a ſeaſon of outward trials; but I have enjoyed fellowſhip with God, and great inward comforts. I have ever found when he gives peculiar grace, he permits it to be tried: but I prove *as my day is, ſo is my ſtrength.* Yes, glory to his name alone, I am more than conqueror! and feel it the conſtant language of my heart,

"No croſs, no ſuffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine."

Sunday 16. Mr. *Simpſon* preached from, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteouſneſs, and peace, and joy in the holy Ghoſt.* O the bleſſedneſs of this inward kingdom! With ſtreaming eyes, and heart overflowing with love; I could claim this portion mine; mine in poſſeſſion, and mine for ever! O Lord! how *ſhall* I praiſe thee?

"Nothing elſe will I know in my journey below,
But ſinging thy grace, to thy paradiſe go!"

Thurſday 28. After a bleſſed ſeaſon of communion with God in ſecret prayer this morning; I went with my mother to ſpend the day at Adlington. Every thing I ſaw there, in houſe, or gardens, contributed to fill my happy ſoul with praiſe. In ſuch and ſuch a ſpot, I would ſay to myſelf, have I poured out my ſoul in deep diſtreſs unto the Lord: and in ſuch a place, he darted a ray of comfort, and bid me

leſs worm, ſince theſe ſeaſons of weeping penitence! Then I ſowed in tears; but, now I reap in joy. *O! what ſhall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?* I have nothing! My all is thine already: A poor offering: But,

"Poor as it is, 'tis all my ſtore;
More thou ſhouldſt have, if I had more."

Some time after this, I called upon *Sarah Oldham;* and found her juſt arrived on the borders of Canaan. It was animating to be near her! She requeſted us to ſing; "Gladly would I flee away; Looſe from earth, no longer ſtay;" &c. When we ceaſed, ſhe cried, O ſweet! O comfortable! I thank you. I aſked her; "Have you any doubts or fears of landing ſafe?" She ſaid, "Oh no! not one doubt." I aſked a few other queſtions, which ſhe anſwered to my great ſatisfaction. Two days after this, clapping her hands together in an extacy of joy, ſhe took her flight to glory! Her laſt words were, *My Lord, and my God.*

On Monday, April 1, Mr. *Weſley* came to Macclesfield; and I ſaw, and converſed with him, for the firſt time. He behaved to me with parental tenderneſs, and greatly rejoiced in the Lord's Goodneſs to my ſoul:—encouraged me to hold faſt, and to declare what the Lord hath wrought. On Wedneſday morning he ſet off for Mancheſter. He thinks me conſumptive; but welcome life, or welcome death, for *Chriſt* is mine.

Tueſday, June 4. I find great weakneſs of body; but much of the divine preſence, and reſigned longings for immortality. I was at five o'clock preaching this morning; and there the Lord ſhed his love abroad, and all day I have had ſuch a ſolemn nearneſs to him, as I cannot deſcribe. I called on one, who, in the arms of death, is rejoicing in redeeming love.—Her will perfectly reſigned, and her evidence clear for a glorious eternity. What a ſight! O Jeſus this is THY victory! O Satan, how art thou conquered!

Tueſday, July 9. My weakneſs of body ſeems to encreaſe; and ſo does my union with him my ſoul loveth. I was ſo happy in the night, that I had little ſleep, and awoke ſeveral times with thoſe words deeply impreſſed, "The temple of indwelling God." His love humbles me in the duſt; it ſeems as a mirror to diſcover my nothingneſs. Sometimes my weakneſs of body ſeems quite overpowered with the Lord's preſence manifeſt to my ſoul; and I have thought I could bear no more and live: But then, I eagerly cry; O give me more, and let me die! I long to be freed from earth; but I am reſigned to live and ſuffer here.

Wedneſday, Sep. 11. This day I have had much pain and weakneſs of body, but my peace hath been as a river: O that my righteouſneſs may be as the waves of the ſea. My uncle has diſowned my three couſins, on account of hearing the Methodiſts. But Couſins *R.* and *J.* are ſtedfaſt, and more happy in God than ever. Poor *C.* has given up Chriſt for the world; and is therefore reſtored to the favour of his earthly parent. But O how will he appear when earth and heaven ſhall flee away! Lord, make it a warning to me, that I may watch and pray, and implore momentary help.

Sunday 22. As I returned from preaching, I called on *Mary Etchells*, who is in the laſt ſtage of a dropſy; juſt ready to wing her way to eternal glory. She has been a backſlider in heart for ſome years; but, in her long affliction, has returned unto the Lord with weeping, mourning, and ſupplication. Nor did ſhe weep in vain: the Lord hearkened, and ſpoke peace to her ſoul ſome weeks ſince; and this day ſhe told me, ſhe has received the witneſs of being cleanſed from all ſin; ſo that now ſhe is full of love and joy. Her cry is, O how I long to be with Jeſus! Why are his chariot wheels ſo long in coming? O for patience, till my Jeſus come! She got hold of my hand, after I had prayed with her, and ſaid, "O what precious ſights do I ſee! Such glory! ſuch glory I cannot utter it!" Soon after, her happy ſpirit fled to her eternal reſt.

Monday, Oct. 14. In the night (for I could not ſleep) it was a covenanting ſeaſon between God and my happy ſoul. And, I ſince find the bonds of divine union more ſtrong than ever. This has been a bleſſed day! His work, his ways, his word are my delight. I live by faith; and all hard things are become eaſy. I can praiſe him in every conflict; but feel I could bear nothing, could *do* nothing without Jeſus. All my dependence is on HIM, who ſupplies the momentary power I want: and I can truly ſay,

"With every coming hour, I prove
His nature, and his name is Love."

Tueſday 15. I am ſtill kept in various trials. This day the following letter from Mr. *Wesley*, was, as if ſent of God to ſtrengthen me."

"My dear Siſter,

The trials which a gracious Providence ſends, or permits, may be ſo many means of growing in grace; and particularly of encreaſing in faith, patience, and reſignation. And are they not all choſen for us by infinite wiſdom and goodneſs? So that we may well ſubſcribe to [illegible]

" With patient mind thy courſe of duty run;
God nothing does, or ſuffers to be done;
But thou wouldſt do thyſelf, if thou couldſt ſee
The end of all events, as well as he."

Every thing we *can* do, for a parent, we ought; that is, every thing we can do without killing ourſelves: but this we have no right to do; our lives are not at our own diſpoſal. Remember this, and do not carry a good principle too far. Do you ſtill find, "Labour is reſt, and pain is ſweet, when thou my God art here?" I know pain, or grief, does not interrupt your happineſs; but does it not *leſſen* it? You often feel ſorrow for your friends: Does that ſorrow rather quicken, than depreſs your ſoul? Does it ſink you deeper into God? Go on in the ſtrength of the Lord. Be careful for nothing.—Live to day. So will you ſtill be a comfort to yours affectionately."

Friday, Nov. 8. My body is very weak; but when my ſtrength and my heart fail; I feel God is the ſtrength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Reading a portion of ſcripture with prayer, every day, is, and has been a great bleſſing to my ſoul. Often have I found, through this means, direction in difficulties, comfort in trials, and heavenly teachings in the way to glory. And the Scriptures I ſo read, are impreſſed with ſuch divine unction on my heart, as makes it laſting food and nouriſhment to my ſoul.

Feb. 12, 1777. Every day I experience more fully, that God is love; and his ſervice perfect freedom. What ſolid bliſs is it to be delivered from all dependence on creatures, and to hang by faith on the IMMUTABLE GOD! To know, this God is *mine;* to feel he dwelleth in my heart, ruleth my will, my affections, my tempers, my deſires; to know he loveth me ten thouſand times better than I love him:—O 'tis unſpeakable ſalvation!

Feb. 22. One year, this day, I have been wholly the Lord's; and he has kept ſole poſſeſſion of my willing heart. Yes, thou haſt been my ſtrength, my refuge, my guide, and my merciful God: my portion, my treaſure, and my whole delight. One year I have loved thee with all my heart, and thou haſt reigned without a rival. And now, O my Father, Saviour, Comforter! I give myſelf afreſh to thee.

" Take my ſoul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
Thine will I live, thrice happy I,
Happier ſtill, if thine I die."

On Sep. 15, 1778, there was a very awful earthquake. The new church in Macclesfield, where I then was, rocked like a cradle; and nearly threw some of the people, then kneeling, on their faces. And the noise, for a few moments, was like thunder. The scene that ensued was truly an emblem of that day, *When all faces shall gather paleness; many shall cry to the rocks and mountains, fall on us*, &c, Some believed the church was fallen at the steeple end; and therefore flew in crouds to the opposite doors, shrieking and crying for mercy. Some fainted, and were trampled nearly to death.—Others bruised much: and some did not recover the fright. But, O unspeakable grace! My soul was kept calm, for I feared not to die. That Scripture was brought to my mind; *Yet once more, and I shake, not the earth only, but also heaven!* And I was enabled to exhort those around, to be still, and look unto the God of grace for salvation, which they had *too* long neglected. Many were deeply awakened by this awful providence; and never found rest afterward, till they found it in the manifested love of a blessed Redeemer. And some, who may date their conversion from that day, will, I believe, be eternal monuments of grace.

Many are my symptoms of mortality; but God is love, and bears my happy soul far above "All sin, and temptation, and pain." I long for his leave to depart, and be with Christ; but wait, in humble resignation at his feet, till *all* his will be done.

Though much indisposed, I went to church; and there, in partaking of the blessed Sacrament, I had such union, and intercourse with the Holy Trinity, as is unspeakable! Blessed foretaste of drinking the new wine in my Father's kingdom. Yea, these are the streams, but that is the FOUNTAIN.

Friday, June 18, 1780. I have been closely tried for a few days past, by near and dear relatives; but in God I have deep peace, and can say, all his will is welcome: all pain before his presence flies! Compared with his love, how trifling is all I suffer! Am I not a brand plucked from eternal burnings? and the few moments of my existence here, are all the moments of suffering. I shall ever know, yea, and these light afflictions, even as I pass through them, are working out for me, *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*

Monday, Dec. 18. I had a day of many blessings in visiting the sick. I called at *John Barber's*, and found his

wife's mother dangerouſly ill. This poor old phariſee, now upwards of fourſcore years old, would never liſten to the calls of converting grace, or be perſuaded that ſhe need be born again. But now the Lord has laid his hand upon her *ſoul*, as well as her body.

Some time after, I called again, and found ſhe had been inceſſantly crying for mercy. When I now ſpoke with her, ſhe cried out, the Lord *will* ſave me; but O pray! I did ſo; and then aſking, how do you now feel? ſhe ſaid, with uncommon earneſtneſs; I ſhall ſoon rejoice in him: he *will* forgive my ſins! Soon after, ſhe cried aloud, Lord, I hope thou wilt *ſoon* forgive me! Lord, thou *art* forgiving me! nay, Lord, thou HAST forgiven me! After this, ſhe continued exceeding happy for five days, and then exchanged mortality for life!

Tueſday 19. I called upon that old ſaint *Thomas Barber*, who was ſeized the day before with a malignant fever. I aſked him, is the Lord precious to your ſoul? He ſaid, he is all love; I ſhall ſoon be with him! It ſeems worth remarking here, that this good old man had prayed, and agonized with God for many years, that his aged wife might ſee his ſalvation: and alſo, that ſhe might be firſt taken home. His requeſt was granted in both theſe reſpects. A little before her death, the Lord revealed his ſalvation to her heart; and for ſome days ſhe bore teſtimony of his love: often repeating, *Thy rod and thy ſtaff comfort me.* Juſt before ſhe departed, having took an affectionate leave of her huſband and children, ſhe cried aloud, "Now Lord thou art mine for ever and ever!" When her breath was gone, her huſband ſaid, with weeping eyes, and deep ſolemnity, *Now, Lord, lettest thou thy ſervant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation.* And from that time his body was perceived to fail.

Thurſday 21. I found him very ill, but very happy. Yet, he told me, "I have been tempted to fear, patience will not hold out in all this pain, for I feel as if every limb were tearing aſunder from my body: but I know, God is all-ſufficient." I called again: he told me, "My pain has been extreme, but I feel the preſence of God continually; and I ſenſibly know he is as near to me as I am to myſelf. Whether I die at this time, or recover, my will is wholly reſigned: but I know, if he call me *now*, I ſhall go to glory." In the afternoon, his every breath was prayer or praiſe; and all his attention manifeſtly taken up with heavenly things. To the doctor he ſaid, "It is of more conſequence that you ſhould

repent, than that I ſhould recover; for, if I die, I ſhall go to God; but if you do not repent, you will periſh; *You muſt be born again.*"

Saturday 23, his diſſolution evidently drew near. He was ſometimes a little delirious; yet, of God, and ſpiritual things, he ſpoke clearly and ſcripturally; and prayed without ceaſing. In the evening he broke out in the moſt ſolemn manner, and repeated ſeveral times, "CHRIST is GOD! CHRIST is GOD! God out of Chriſt is a conſuming fire!" On being aſked how he did, he ſaid, "I am going to the heavenly Canaan, that promiſed land, for which I ſet out *long ago.*" While the doctor ſpoke to him of his body, he regarded not, but told him, "I am not afraid to die." And then, with lifted hands, he prayed, that all around him, and eſpecially his children, might follow him to glory. When I aſked him, a little after this, do you *now* feel God graciouſly near? he ſaid, (looking with ſolemn ſtedfaſtneſs in his countenance, as if he ſaw ſomething) "His ſpiritual preſence is *here!*" and, burſting into tears, cried, "I am *full* of God! his glory fills my ſoul!" Another aſked him, Have you any doubts? He anſwered, "I have not the leaſt doubt upon my mind, but I ſhall reign with him in glory!" Late that night I called again, wiſhing to ſee him once more; and, though delirious juſt before, when one ſaid, here is Miſs *Roe*, he haſtily put out his hand, and ſaid, "May God bleſs you." This was his laſt farewel to me; and he ſpoke little afterwards. At nine the next morning, I found him ſpeechleſs, and in a dying ſtate; but quite compoſed, and juſt as if falling into a ſweet ſleep. Mr. *Simpſon* came in, and went to prayer by him; but he appeared inſenſible to all below. The power of God, however, reſted on all preſent in an abundant manner; and in about an hour afterwards, he expired without ſigh or groan.

Friday 29. Late this evening, my Couſin *Robert Roe*, arrived with the corps of his Brother *Samuel*; who died at Leek, on his way home from Briſtol. There was great hope in the end of this once gay young man. My couſin *William*, and *Margaret* alſo, arrived from Liverpool: O that this ſolemn ſeaſon may be ſanctified to all his weeping relatives and friends! And may thoſe who partook of the follies that employed his youthful years, take the awful warning, and ſeek that acquaintance with Jeſus in life, which he felt ſo much need of in his laſt hours.

Jan. 1, 1781. I awoke this morning under a deep ſenſe of the DIVINE PRESENCE. Thus, in the opening of a new

year, doth the Lord open a proſpect to my ſoul of renewed mercies, and give the pledge, even his LOVE ſhed abroad in my heart. In ſecret prayer, I made an offering of all I am, and all I love, and all I can be or do: reſolved that body, ſoul, and ſpirit, ſhall be one holy ſacrifice unto the Lord! I had a precious day of communion with my God: And my ſoul was filled with praiſe at the love-feaſt in the evening, while *G. Pearſon* witneſſed a good confeſſion; and ſpake alſo of *David Pickford*, one of the firſt Methodiſts in Macclesfield, who, for thirty years, has held faſt faith, and a good conſcience, and is now returning to Sion with ſongs of triumph! A brief relation of God's love and faithfulneſs to this ſaint, at a time when he had none to adviſe or take counſel with, filled me with humble gratitude to that God who never diſappointed any that truſted in him.

When *David* was firſt under deep convictions for ſin, he wrought for a lady near Macclesfield; and having, with the reſt of his companions, received his weekly wages, they inſiſted he ſhould go to the ale-houſe with them, which he refuſed: whereupon, the over-looker threatened to turn him away; and ordered him to fetch his tools and go home. This was a great trial, as he had a wife and four ſmall children: but he determined to put his truſt in the Lord. That night he dreamed, he was bid go and tell his employer his caſe. He did ſo, and (although ſhe cared as little about religion as her foreman did) ſhe told him, "You ſhall not be turned away." In a little time after this, the foreman himſelf (for ſome miſdemeanor) was diſcharged, and *David* was put into his place. But he ſtill remained under deep conviction, and the arrows of the Almighty pierced him ſore, ſo that he had no reſt for three weeks, and often could neither eat nor ſleep; till one morning he went into a barn, and reſolved to wreſtle with God till he found mercy. But it ſeemed as if Satan would forcibly tear him away, body and ſoul! ſo that in his agony he threw himſelf upon the ground; when, ſuddenly his terror was all gone!—He beheld JESUS by faith, as that moment crucified for his ſins; and venturing his guilty ſoul on the merit of his death, he knew and felt his ſins forgiven, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Tueſday 2. I had calm, ſweet peace, and much power with my God in ſecret prayer. Viſiting the ſick, I found a profitable employ: and ſo was calling on a few, who, I feared, were departing from the Lord. My own ſoul felt much ſolemnity, with a ſenſe of the divine approval. I had

ſome cloſe converſation with poor *Martha H.* who, from a continual walking with God, in deep communion and pure love, (a bright example of meekneſs, humility, and zeal,) is become light, trifling, and ſuperficial. The cauſe of this ſad change was firſt occaſioned by reading myſtic authors; and converſing with a perſon, who himſelf had been led away from the ſimplicity of the goſpel, by that pernicious doctrine. She was thereby taught to believe, that to ſeek after divine comforts and conſolations, was to follow Chriſt for the loaves and fiſhes; and that thoſe who *ſuffer* moſt, are moſt acceptable to God. She liſtened to the voice of an enemy; forgeting, that JESUS, *for the* JOY *that was ſet before him, endured the croſs!* Of courſe, ſhe began to pray for trials and croſſes:—Her prayer was heard: but, alas! when the trials came, ſhe had not the ſame power to bear them as before. Evil tempers aroſe from within, ſuch as pride, anger, and impatience; ſo that ſhe began to doubt whether ſhe had ever been ſaved from ſin; and began to ſeek *another* kind of perfection *beſide* that of LOVE; namely, a perfection of KNOWLEDGE. In ſeeking this, ſhe began to deſpiſe ordinances; or, what ſhe called, *man's teaching;* leaning to impreſſions, rather than the word of God. Soon after this, ſhe became gay in apparel, trifling in converſation, and impatient in reproof; yet, profeſſing to ſeek *all the fullneſs of God.* She ſaid to me, "I never was yet a perfect Chriſtian; but I am determined not to ſtop ſhort of my privileges;—I will never reſt till I know all the attributes and perfections of God!" I anſwered, this the angels never knew: it is a depth unfathomable to any created being: and, to ſilence all human wiſdom, himſelf aſketh, *Canſt* THOU *by ſearching find out God?—Canſt* THOU *find out the Almighty to perfection?* But, *my* bleſſed privilege is, to know and feel God is mine; and that all his attributes, however unſearchable, and all his perfections, ſtand engaged on my behalf; and will conſpire to make me bleſſed through time and eternity! I alſo obſerved, that ſufferings do not, in themſelves, tend to our perfection: but only promote our holineſs, as far as they are accompanied by the transforming grace and ſpirit of God: therefore to pray for them is preſumption, ſeeing we know not how much we can bear; and that which is moſt becoming us is, to ſay, "Lord, thou canſt not err, I will not chuſe." O, what cauſe have I for praiſe, that my God hath kept my helpleſs ſoul in the ſafe and precious path of ſimple faith and humble love! May I ever lie at his dear feet, and never depart from the rule of his *written word.*

Wedneſday 3. I awoke in a ſpirit of thankfulneſs and prayer, and had ſweet intercourſe with my God in ſecret. I converſed an hour with my Couſin *Robert* on the nature of goſpel faith, conſidered as the act of man, in embracing the divine promiſes; and found it truly profitable. I met my band afterwards, and the Lord was with us indeed, ſo that as with one mouth, we praiſed a God of love.

Thurſday 4. My ſoul hath this day ſeen all things FULL OF GOD: O, how ſweet this ſenſibility of his ſurrounding preſence, while I can hold converſe with him as a man with his friend! Thoſe ſweet lines of Mr. *Pope* are indeed realized to me;

"All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe BODY nature is, and God the SOUL.
HE—Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives through all life; extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent.
To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall—
HE fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!"

Saturday 6. O, how has the Lord made his goodneſs paſs before my happy ſoul this day! In ſecret prayer, he opened a heaven of bliſs in my worthleſs heart—it was filled with God! While meditating on the bleſſedneſs of taking up our croſs for Chriſt, how were my views enlarged of that eternal reward, which will ſurely be the crown of victors!—That glorious recompenſe that *ſhall* be given for all our conflicts here. What a weight of glory awaits thoſe who, *through much tribulation inherit the promiſes*. How ſhall they triumph in the conqueſts they have gained through love divine! how praiſe the Captain of their ſalvation, under whoſe banner they have won the well-fought day, and echo through the worlds above his precious name! And, O my ſoul, ſhall *I* be one of theſe?—O bleſſed thought, I ſurely ſhall! I feel the precious pledge, the earneſt of my heaven.—*I* ſhall adore my great deliverer, when momentary ages are no more; and recount to all the liſtening throng above, the ten thouſand ſnares THY hand, O precious Jeſus, hath conducted me through! how, through THEE I have eſcaped in dangers and temptation's hour—have walked through the fire, and ſuffered no harm: and, "Paſſing through the watry flood, have hung upon the arm of God." Thou haſt made my every care thy own, bleſſed Jeſus; and when mountains of difficulty have ſeemed to ſhut up every path, thou haſt made them a plain before me:—crooked paths haſt thou

made ſtraight, and rough places plain, and my feeble ſoul hath ſeen thy ſalvation: therefore, ſhall I ſing to all eternity, BLESSING AND HONOUR, THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND TO THE LAMB FOR EVER AND EVER!

Sunday 7. Laſt night I had a dream with which I was conſiderably affected. O my God! if thou haſt any thing to teach thy handmaid thereby, explain it to my heart.—I thought, I was ſailing on a large river, and afterwards on the ocean. The wind was very boiſterous, and the paſſage dangerous. Another veſſel, I thought, was following ours, but could not make its way, and ſeemed in very great danger. In this, I thought, was my mother and brother; and having much anxiety for their ſafety, I wiſhed that we ſhould aſſiſt them, or ſtop and take them into our veſſel; as I feared they would be loſt: But, I was told, we muſt purſue our way ſtraight forward, and that without any delay, or we ſhould certainly periſh too, and not be able to ſave them! After toiling for ſome time, through wind and waves, we came to another river, but there was a large gate acroſs the entrance, through which we muſt paſs; and we feared the ſtorm would daſh our veſſel againſt it, before it was opened for us: but, beyond our expectation, it was thrown open, and we got ſafe through; though not without ſome difficulty; for my companions and I had to wade in at this gate through water up to the middle. I thought a perſon took me in his arms to carry me, but I ſaid, this will not do—I muſt *wade* through, or I ſhall not get ſafe; and plunging into the water again, I did ſo, and got ſafe to land, where we all praiſed God together.

Monday 8. Glory, honour, and eternal praiſe be ever thine, my precious, precious Lord! *W. Broadhurst* tells me, his brother, (who has been in black deſpair for many months, and for whom I and ſome others have long wreſtled with God) has found pardon and peace; and read the following lines from him.

"Glory, glory, and thankſgiving, and praiſe, be to God for ever, for what he has done for my ſoul!—Now I am happy indeed! One moment of ſuch love and happineſs as I feel, is worth a thouſand worlds! I now fear neither men nor Devils. Give my kindeſt and moſt grateful thanks to all my dear friends, who offered up their faithful, humble prayers for me, which God has now anſwered: and give them my thanks. Well might they ſay, 'If all the world

our Jeſus knew, then all the world would love him too!'—I am your new-born, happy Brother,

Thomas Broadhurst."

I was ſo filled with my Lord's goodneſs while I heard the above, that I thought a weight of love would have overpowered my frail body. Surely it would, had not tears of gratitude relieved my full ſoul. O thou faithful God, thou art the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever.—Never didſt thou turn away the prayer of thy people; never did any ſoul ſeek thy face in vain.

Tueſday 9, was a bleſſed day of communion with my God. I awoke with a ſweet ſenſe of his love and indwelling preſence; and in ſecret prayer had an antepaſt of heaven! In viſiting the ſick, he was truly with me. I found *Jane D.* deeply convinced of ſin, ſince I ſpoke with her laſt week of her loſt, helpleſs, guilty ſtate; and while I was pointing her to Jeſus.—Poor *Lydia M.* was truly broken in heart for her paſt backſlidings, and bewailed her ſtate with many tears. Several other neighbours came in, and in prayer, we had a melting ſolemn ſeaſon indeed. I called on poor *W. P.* alſo, who, for the firſt time, ſeemed to feel the ſoftening power of grace, while I aſked him—Why, after all Jeſus has ſuffered, ſhould you live thus miſerably afflicted, and die without any knowledge of his love?—Why, when he bled for your ſins, ſhould you not come and partake of his mercy? His grace is free for *you* as well as others: Jeſus is both able and willing to ſave even you! God would not have you to periſh—he willeth not the death of a ſinner—he offers to pardon you, if you will repent:—Why then will you periſh? O come to Jeſus with all your guilt! He ſhed many tears; and while I was at prayer, ſeemed earneſtly engaged with God, and begged on my leaving him, that I would come again.

Wedneſday 10. Glory be to God, I have had communion with him, as if face to face, this day. About two o'clock poor Mrs. *S.* fled into an awful eternity—I fear, ſecure, inſenſible, and unprepared! O my God, thou only knoweſt what I feel, when I think of that poor departed ſpirit!—Gone, for ever gone!—fled into ETERNITY! What a comfort that I delivered my own ſoul, and faithfully warned her of all I feared! O my God! I praiſe thee for this. But, ah! ſhe was flattered with deluſive hopes, with reſpect both to body and ſoul; and was thinking of a recovery only yeſterday! But death received his commiſſion!

The perſon who attended her, having intoxicated herſelf with ſpiritous liquor, gave a treble quantity of laudanum on going to bed; and ſhe awoke no more, except about three minutes, to breath her laſt, and never ſpoke! I took occaſion to deal faithfully with my dear mother on this awful event; and ſhe appears, at preſent, deeply affected. O that the ſpirit of convincing grace may never leave her, till ſhe obtain an intereſt in redeeming blood.

Sunday 14. Bleſſed be God for his precious Sabbaths: they are days of reſt and rich conſolation to my ſoul. In ſome meaſure, with holy *John*, I am generally in the Spirit on the Lord's day; and prove unutterable bliſs in union with my God. My heart overflows with gratitude and love; yea, ſpeechleſs, unutterable love, this day for the freſh pledges of his condeſcending grace. In ſecret and in public, I am filled with his preſence; and conſtrained to cry, enlarge my heart to make thee room! At the Sacrament my body was almoſt overpowered, while thoſe words were ſtrongly applied; *Know ye not, that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, and ye are not your own?* Yes, precious Lord, I do know thou dwelleſt in my worthleſs heart, and that without a rival: nor can my ſoul utter what it feels of love to thee; but I can tell thee, thou haſt all my heart;—thou beſt of beings—thou tendereſt of fathers—thou all-ſufficient, faithful Friend—thou only dear, thou only lovely Bridegroom of my ſoul!—thou more than mother, ſiſter, brother—my God, my ALL!—

"Thou art the ſea of love, Where all my pleaſures roll,
The circle where my paſſions move, The centre of my ſoul."

March 27. This day, at my Uncle *Roe*'s, I ſaw Mr. *Rogers* for the firſt time. He and Mr. *Bardsley* are come over from Sheffield to ſee Couſin *Robert*, who reſpects Mr. *Rogers* much, having received good from his preaching at Leeds. We had a bleſſed ſeaſon in prayer together; and Couſin *Peggy Roe*, in particular, ſeemed ſtirred up and comforted. Afterwards we called on that dying ſaint, *David Pickford*: who witneſſed a good confeſſion of the love of Jeſus, which he has felt experimentally for theſe thirty-ſix years; and proves him yet faithful. At night, Mr. *Rogers* preached from, *You that are troubled, reſt with us*, &c. And at five o'clock next morning, Mr. *Bardsley* enforced that bleſſed portion, *Fear not, for I am with thee; be not diſmayed, for I am thy God*, &c. I felt both, peculiar ſeaſons of divine bleſſings; and though afterwards tried at home, it was a day of deep conſolation.

April 20. I was much comforted by hearing of the happy death of *Ann B.* one I formerly loved much, and dealt faithfully with. She loſt much of her ſpirituality, by a connection with a carnal man, whom ſhe married a year ago. But the Lord loved her, and ſent a lingering affliction, ſlew the body, but ſaved the ſoul!

Friday 27. I have lately proved more kindneſs and affection from my mother, than for ſome years. O how good is the Lord! Sure, with him nothing ſhall be impoſſible. My Uncle *Roe* is ſeized dangerouſly ill, and two phyſicians called in.

Wedneſday, May 2. There is no hope at all of my Uncle's recovery: But he is reconciled to all his children, and calls much upon God; and begs of Mr. *Simpſon*, and others, to pray for him. Yea, though ſcarce able, gets upon his knees in bed, to pray for himſelf.

Thurſday 3. As I went to my Uncle's this morning, I met one of the maids, who told me, he is fled to a world of ſpirits! He lay all night quite compoſed; but, about ten this morning, ſuddenly opened his eyes, and fixed them, with ſeeming delight, on ſome object for ſeveral minutes: ſoon after which, he ſilently breathed away the immortal ſpirit! and, I have great hope, is eſcaped to endleſs life. I ſpent the day chiefly with my couſins, and found it a ſolemn, profitable ſeaſon. Poor Couſin *Joſeph* came a few hours after his father's deceaſe, having rode on horſe-back, two hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

Tueſday 8. In the duſk of the evening, my Uncle's remains where carried in great pomp, by his own carriage and horſes, to the new church; and accompanied by coaches, torches, and a vaſt concourſe of people: but the horſes, unaccuſtomed to be adorned with ſuch trappings as black cloth, eſcutcheons, &c. would hardly proceed. He was interred by Mr. *Simpſon*, in the vault he had ſo lately prepared! yes; this much *feared*, and much *loved* man, is now committed to *corruption* and *worms!* It reminds me of Dr. *Young*'s beautiful lines;

> "An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave,
> Legions of angels can't confine me there!"

Tueſday, July 3. I called on *Ann Shrigley*, who, when I laſt ſaw her, was crying for mercy in deep diſtreſs; but is now filled with praiſe, and on the verge of a glorious eternity. On Friday laſt, having ſpoke ſharply to her huſband, ſhe was ſeized with an agony of ſpirit, and cried aloud, now I am loſt for ever: I ſhall go to hell; there is no mercy for

me! But ſhe wreſtled in prayer till ſhe prevailed, and the Lord ſhed his forgiving love abroad in an abundant manner; and bore his witneſs with her heart, that ſhe was born of God. She now told me, I long to be gone: O that all the world knew what I feel! they would ſoon ſeek God and find him: for he would ſave them all. O that *bleſſed eternity!* I am going to that *bleſſed eternity!* I ſaid, *there* we ſhall meet to part no more. She ſaid, no, never, never part more! we ſhall be *for ever* with our Lord. O that dear Saviour! what has he done for my ſoul! If my bodily affliction were a thouſand times heavier than it is, his love would be above all. On Monday 16, I went with Mr. *Simpſon*, who adminiſtered to her the bleſſed memorials of dying love; and we all found it a time of the preſence and power of God. She continued in the ſame ſweet frame of mind, till her ſpirit fled away.

Wedneſday 18. Couſin *F. R.* called on me this morning, and related her dream, which has made a deep impreſſion on her mind, and affected me much. She thought her father's ſpirit appeared to her, and a perſon who was with her in the room where he died; and that he aſked in a moſt ſolemn manner, "Are all my family and children ſeeking ſalvation? I ſay are *all* my children and family ſeeking the *full aſſurance* of *ſalvation?*" He then diſappeared; but quickly came again, as if he were in haſte to give them warning, leſt any of them ſhould defer it till too late, and periſh in their ſins: and aſked, "Have *all* my family found the *full aſſurance* of *ſalvation?*" and added, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, "Tell them, *never, never, never* to reſt till they find it! Do you *hear* me? Tell them *never, never* to reſt till they have *found* it!" I forbear to mention a few more particulars in this awful dream! Thoſe whom it chiefly concerns, no doubt remember them; as it was kept no ſecret. O may it make laſting impreſſions *on all!* Some *did* take warning—found that *full aſſurance*—witneſſed a good confeſſion to all their friends, and are now ſafely lodged in *Abraham's* boſom:—

"Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With God eternally ſhut in!"

After his father's death, my Couſin *Robert* determined to fix in Macclesfield; and for that purpoſe, built a good houſe, conveniently near the new church: a lovely ſituation, and good air. When this houſe was finiſhed, at his earneſt requeſt, and by the deſire of his aunt, Miſs *S.* and ſeveral more, my mother undertook to keep the houſe. She rented the whole dwelling, and he boarded with her.

I mention this, becauſe it appears a peculiar providence that placed *me* there, to be with this child and ſervant of God, in his laſt moments. From the time of his father's death, to that of his own, he gave himſelf up to the work of God, as fully as his health would poſſibly permit. He publicly and boldly preached the goſpel, in and near Macclesfield: and the Lord bore witneſs to his word, by awakening, converting, and ſaving ſouls. And, I believe I may ſafely affirm, that during that ſeaſon, he never preached one ſermon in vain. Sometimes two, three, or four in one night, were deeply awakened; and once ſeven; and commonly three or four juſtified. He was alſo the inſtrument of many believing to *full* ſalvation.

Friday, Auguſt 9, we removed to my couſin's houſe; where I enjoyed, for the ſhort ſeaſon of *his* life, many ſpiritual privileges. My mother, alſo, had many opportunities ſhe never would before partake of, both in prayer and chriſtian converſation; for my couſin had conſtant prayer-meetings, bands, &c. under the roof; and endeavoured to devote his whole *time*, *talents*, and *ſubstance* to God. But how myſterious are the ways of Providence? How quickly was he called from all this?

Tueſday 20, he caught a ſevere cold, which terminated in his death. Every help was procured, but to know effect. His ſoul, which had long panted after holineſs, was now deeply diſtreſſed to feel the power of all cleanſing blood, and the witneſs of being ſaved from *all ſin*. He called on me many times in a day to pray with him, and was often greatly comforted; but nothing leſs than *full* ſalvation would ſatisfy. Satan, at times, took advantage of his diſtracted nerves, and ſuggeſted terrible fears: ſo that his conflicts at ſome ſeaſons were great, at other times he was filled with comfort, and during the whole of his affliction, he never expreſſed the leaſt murmuring or impatience.

Tueſday 27, in attempting to walk two or three times acroſs the room, he fainted away; and when recovered, ſaid, "I beg as a particular favour, Couſin, that you will be with me as much as poſſible: Dont leave me, and God will reward you." I ſeldom did after this.

September 2. I roſe at five; and going into his room, found him awake: he ſaid, I feel peculiarly calm, compoſed, and reſigned to the will of God; but have had no ſleep: tell me if you have not been praying for me? I anſwered, yes: he ſaid, I thought ſo. Then he deſired me to open the New Teſtament, and read the verſe that firſt appeared;

I did ſo; and it was this; *For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God: when Christ, who is our life, ſhall appear, then ſhall we also appear with him in glory.* He was greatly comforted. From this time he haſtened toward his eternal home!

Monday 9. He ſettled all his temporal concerns; and then praiſed God for having done ſo, and was very happy. But in the night, he had one more conflict with Satan. I prayed with him above an hour: ſurely it was the moſt ſolemn ſeaſon I ever knew! The Lord heard and delivered. He fell into a ſweet ſleep, and awoke rejoicing; yea, triumphing in God. After this, he enjoyed the witneſs of *entire ſanctification;* and proclaimed to all who came near him, the love of his God and Saviour; ſaying, *now* I know by *experience* what I have preached to others is no cunningly deviſed fable. I *feel* now, the blood of Jeſus cleanſeth from *all* ſin. I am now *entirely* a new creature! I can love the Lord with all my heart, and ſoul, and ſtrength. The enemy tells me, if I get better, I ſhall ſoon loſe this; but I believe I ſhall not; for I know, as long as I have this hold of God, nothing will be able to overcome me. In a day or two after, he was often delirious; yet ſtill, in all intervals, was full of happineſs, love, patience, and reſignation, though he ſuffered much.

Thurſday 12. He ſaid, what a peace do I now enjoy! I feel now, and for ſome days paſt, what I never felt before. When I am at the worſt, (and none but God knows what I ſuffer) my mind is peaceable and happy; and I have not a murmuring, or repining thought. I can caſt all my care on God, as I never could before; and even my helpleſſneſs does not diſcourage me, for I find his grace ſufficient. But I ſee a great fulneſs yet before me.

Friday 13. When he was got up to have his bed made eaſy, he would not return to it, (though every breath ſeemed as if it would be his laſt) till he had given a ſhort account of his whole experience, from his firſt ſetting out. He went through all his trials, perſecutions, temptations, &c. But now, ſaid he, "I reap the bleſſed fruit; and I can ſay, neither my father's tears, nor ſeverity; neither hope of preferment, nor fear of ſuffering, ever made me prevaricate, or depart from what I believed my duty to God. And now I prove him faithful: he hath ſaid, *Whoſoever forſaketh father, or mother, or brothers, or ſisters, or houſes, or land, for my ſake and the goſpel's, ſhall receive an hundred fold in this life; even father and mother, houſes and land, &c. and in*

the world to come life everlasting. This is literally fulfilled in me. I forſook all; and I was reſtored to my father's favour.—I have a houſe, land, &c. in this life: and I am going to everlaſting life! whereas, if I had baſely complied with my friends' deſires, I ſhould have poſſeſſed no more in *this* life, than I now do; and ſhould have been lying here with a guilty conſcience—a frowning God; and full of horror, in the views of a miſerable eternity! O how good is it to give up all for God! *Now* I feel it, and I ſhall praiſe him for ever!" O how pleaſingly awful was this noble teſtimony from a dying friend, when obliged to gaſp for breath between every ſentence. He continued for ſome time after this, praiſing God, and recommending all his relations and friends to his protection. The particulars of which I omit here, having already referred the reader to them in the Magazine.

Saturday 21. He was quite deranged, yet compoſed, and knew *me* to the laſt. At three o'clock on Sunday morning, death ſweats came on: and about half paſt five, he fled to his eternal paradiſe! All in the room ſenſibly felt the powerful preſence of God. Yea, it was as the gate of heaven, while, on our knees we watched the laſt parting breath! Mr. *Simpson* preached a funeral ſermon in the new church, on Sunday 29; and Mr. *Rogers* at the Methodiſt chapel. The former from, *These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have waſhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* The latter, from, *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.* I believe many will remember the bleſſed ſeaſon to their eternal good.

In the year following, I had another awful ſcene to paſs through. Dear Mrs. *Rogers*, after the birth of her little *James*, never recovered her health fully. Mr. *Rogers* being a good deal in the country parts of the circuit, I was very much with her; and our love for each other daily increaſed. At different times, ſhe opened her whole heart to me, on very tender points; for we were as one ſoul. For ſeveral weeks before her death, ſhe entreated me not to leave her, when I could poſſibly help it. But as her *experience* and *triumphant death* are already publiſhed; I forbear to enlarge reſpecting either. O my Lord, let *my* latter end be like *hers!*

I come now briefly to obſerve, that after a wonderful chain of divine leadings, and remarkable providences, (too tedious to dwell upon here) on Aug. 19, 1784, I was

married to Mr. *Rogers*; in whom the Lord gave me a help-mate for glory; juſt ſuch a partner, as my weakneſs needed to ſtrengthen me. He hath made us *one heart* and *one ſoul*: and now, for above eight years, hath crowned our union with his conſtant ſmile.

We ſpent a week or ten days, after our marriage, with my mother; and then haſtened to Dublin, where Mr. *Rogers* was appointed to labour. We were gladly received, and the Lord gave us the hearts of the people. Our hands being thus ſtrengthened of the Lord; we agreed ſolemnly to devote ourſelves, and our all, to him and his work. And all glory to his name, we ſaw a bleſſed revival: In three years, the ſociety encreaſed from about five hundred, to eleven hundred and upwards; and we had good cauſe to believe, above four hundred were converted to God.

In Auguſt, 1787, we came over from Dublin to ſee my mother at Macclesfield. Mr. *Wesley*, and ſeveral preachers with families, alſo, coming at the ſame time to England; we took the whole ſhip. In this paſſage we were in imminent danger, by daſhing on a rock, called the Weſt-Mouſe. But prayer was made—the Lord heard, and wonderfully delivered! We landed at Park-Gate, and travelled with Mr. *Wesley* to Macclesfield, where my mother received us with great affection. After the Manchester Conference, we returned to Ireland, ſailing for Dublin, where we had left our little boy. We ſpent about a week with our very affectionate friends there; and then proceeded to Cork.

Here alſo, the Lord revived a gracious work. His word proſpered and prevailed; and we had cauſe to rejoice, not only over a few individuals, but ſeveral families, who were added to the fold of God. We found three hundred and ninety-ſeven members in ſociety; and left ſix hundred and fifty. In the laſt year, we had ſome cloſe trials, through a few individuals; but our ſpiritual mercies outbalanced them all. I do not know that ever I enjoyed more of the Lord's heart-felt preſence than at Cork: excepting the time of a nervous fever; and then the cloud was only for a few days; and that, I believe, was *merely* owing to the body; for, though in a week afterwards, all the feelings of nature were touched, I felt nothing contrary to reſignation, patience, or love.

At the time I now ſpeak of, my own recovery was doubtful;—Mr. *Rogers* (oppreſſed with grief, through *my* illneſs, and by his attention *to* me night and day) was *very ill*;—*James* had a worm fever;—the *maid* confined with ſick-

neſs;—and my little *John*, ſix weeks old, dying in convulſions for three days!—Surely, *in this scene*, the Lord magnified his power in ſupporting my weakneſs, and enabled me THEN to ſay, *Good is the will of the Lord.* After this ſeaſon, my conſolations were abundant; and my faith, love, and communion with God, much deepened.

I had here ſome encouraging letters from Mr. *Wesley*. In the two laſt, he mentioned his intention of removing us to London at the enſuing Conference. I trembled at the thought of ſo important a charge; but committed it to God in much prayer: And, notwithſtanding our various exerciſes of body and mind, ſince we came to this city; I am certain, divine love has mixed every cup, and ordered *all* things well.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 30, 1791, being the time of my expected deliverance in childbirth, a little before ſix, my pains became frequent and ſevere, ſo that it was expected I ſhould ſoon be delivered: but I had much to endure firſt. The Lord was pleaſed to prove me; but it was for his own glory, for he gave ſtrength to ſuffer, patience to bear, and power to truſt and praiſe him through all. With ſome intervals of eaſe, (which to nature was painful ſuſpenſe) I had ſtrong labour all night, and all Monday, till ſix in the evening, when I entered on my greateſt of nature's ſtruggles:—But "Jeſus came with my diſtreſs, and agony was heaven!" He aſſured my heart, *I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.* Once in ſaying, "This is agony *indeed!*" my ſoul was anſwered, "It is not the bloody ſweat thy Lord endured for thee!" and, O! how was I filled with comfort! My God will help me, was the language of my ſoul; and he *did* help me. While a dear friend went to prayer, the power of God reſted on all preſent, ſo that they could teſtify, this room is a little *Bethel!*—God is here of a truth!—and in about ſix minutes after that, at ten o'clock, on my own birth-day, the Lord gave his feeble, helpleſs creature power to bring forth; and I became again, the living mother of a living child. Ten thouſand reſtoring mercies I have ſince proved. None *but* a God could have *ſo* delivered!—none but a God could have ſo reſtored! Several friends were very kind. Mr. *Tooth* took my *Hester*, and offered his houſe to me alſo. But my dear huſband's affection was my greateſt outward comfort; yea, and a comfort that leads me moſt to him, who is the ſource of all. O, how I am loaded with benefits!—How is my humbled ſoul loſt in love!

Friday 25, Mr. *Wesley* was ſeized with his laſt ſickneſs. To be with that honoured and much loved ſervant of God, for five months; and then to be witneſſes of his glorious exit, was a favour *indeed.* But O, how awful the ſcene!—how unſpeakable the loſs!—I *peculiarly* felt it; being yet in a weak ſtate, not quite recovered from my lying-inn.

The ſolemnity of the dying hour of that *great good* MAN, I believe, will be ever written on my heart: Well might Dr. *Young* ſay, "The chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven!" A cloud of the divine preſence reſted on all! and while he could hardly be ſaid to be an inhabitant of earth, being now ſpeechleſs, and his eyes fixed; victory and glory were written on his countenance, and quivering, as it were, on his dying lips! O could he have *then* ſpoke, methinks, it would have been nothing but victory! victory!—grace! grace!—glory! glory! No language can paint what appeared in that face!—The more we gazed upon it, the more we ſaw of heaven unſpeakable!—Not the leaſt ſign of pain, but a weight of bliſs. Thus he continued, only his breath growing weaker and weaker, till, without a ſtruggle, or a groan, he left the cumbrous clay behind, and fled to eternal life, in the boſom of his faithful Lord.

When I look back on the trying ſcenes we have paſſed through ſince this awful event, and conſider, we are yet monuments of grace, and ſaving power; I am loſt in wonder and in love! Mr. *Rogers*, in particular, has been tried as in the fire; and expoſed through his office, as a mark to ſhoot at; yet through infinite mercy, I believe he will come out of it all more fully purified. I might here enlarge on particulars; but ſhall leave the Lord's faithful ſervants, as well as the inſtruments of their ſufferings, to him who will plead the cauſe of the innocent: and *make all things work together for good to them that love him:* praying, with our ſuffering Lord, for thoſe who now perſecute him in his members, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

I ſhall only now obſerve, as it relates to my own experience, that theſe trying exerciſes of my dear partner, have been keenly felt by *me:* And my nervous ſyſtem, weakened by that dangerous fever at Cork, has alſo greatly ſuffered by theſe things; which, like wave upon wave, have followed each other! To this I aſcribe it chiefly, that a cloud of heavineſs has, at ſome ſeaſons, hung upon my mind; and that Satan has taken occaſion to ſuggeſt, in thoſe times of animal

depreſſion, various acculations of ſhort-comings in zeal, activity, and ſpiritual joy. I do not mean that I was ever left in darkneſs:—No; ſince I firſt conſciouſly received a ſenſe of favour with God, I never loſt it; but, within two years laſt paſt, I have not *always* had ſo clear a witneſs of perfect love. At other times I have had that witneſs full and clear: and at *all* times could ſay, "None but Jeſus will I know, None but him do I deſire:—Whom have I in heaven but thee? Thou art all in all to me!" But, in nothing leſs than full ſalvation, and the witneſs of it, could my ſoul ever reſt.—O no: What is paſt experience, without preſent enjoyment? I muſt *feel*, or I cannot be happy.

Sunday, Nov. 11, 1792. This day it is eighteen years ſince I received the knowledge of a reconciled God. O! that I were in a deeper ſenſe, a MOTHER in ISRAEL. My Lord has ever been faithful to me! In all my perſecutions he comforted me:—In the alluring ſnares of youth he ſaved, he kept. It was by his grace I forſook all; denied myſelf *ease, pleaſure, friends*:—And after he had *proved* me; he gave me one of the beſt of earthly friends. He has led on my ignorance, and ſtrengthened my weakneſs. Through various ſcenes, and in outward perplexities, how often have I received immediate teaching from God!—In travelling from city to city, how have I been protected by guardian love, and ſaved from fear and danger on the watry deep! May I never forget his ten thouſand proofs of love, in DUBLIN—in CORK—in LONDON. He hath given me favour in the eyes of his children in every place; and helped me feebly to *ſerve* them. He hath given me *ſpiritual children* alſo; ſome of whom are lodged ſafe in his boſom, and others in the way to glory. I have had five lovely children in the fleſh: And beſide theſe, my dear *Joſeph* and *Benjamin*, left with me in charge, and to whom I feel united in all the tenderneſs of *parental love*: nor have they ever been wanting in a due return. One, (a fine boy) my Lord hath taken to the abodes of bliſs; and for the reſt, he aſſures my heart,

"The children of thy faith and prayer,
Shall *all* to thee be given!"

The witneſs of his perfect love ever ſhone upon my ſoul, till for a ſeaſon, in my nervous fever: but that ſeaſon paſt, it ſhone afreſh, and continued ſo to do: till, at intervals, in the two years paſt, I have not ſo conſtantly enjoyed this. I have been jealous over myſelf with a godly jealouſy, leſt anxiety about a multiplicity of outward things, has too much

ſtolen upon me: And leſt, at other times, I have ſuffered my mind to dwell too much on diſagreeables.—Leſt I have been leſs active, leſs zealous, leſs ſpiritual. Yet I dare not ſay, I have forfeited the bleſſing. But I cannot reſt when the witneſs is not *clear*. I know much I have felt, has been temptation; and that Satan has accuſed, when my God did not condemn.

Many alſo, have been my ſeaſons of *deep* conſolation—of deep communion with my God.—Many and remarkable my deliverances and anſwers to prayers; and great my divine ſupport in every hour of trial. At preſent, I am ſinking into the arms of love: and I do feel I am *all* the Lord's! Many things that have crucified my will of late, have been good for me. I *desire* to be crucified with Chriſt; and that he ſhould live alone in me! I feel he now *does;* but I long for a yet larger meaſure of his mind, more of every grace, and *deeper* communion with my God. He does meet me at the throne of grace; and all temptations reſpecting conflicts with Satan in death, are vaniſhed. I know my *Joshua* will be with me in Jordan, and ſee me ſafe through! Sometimes I have thought, I ſhall have to paſs the *river* before it be long; but that I leave to him. I feel no deſires for life, but when I ſee my dear huſband oppreſſed with trials; and my living ſeems as if it would be a help and comfort to *him*. Or, when a ſilent, reſigned wiſh ariſes, to ſee my children grown, and partakers of regenerating grace. But I am kept from anxiety.

I feel grateful to my God, that I am placed *here*, (at Spitalfields) though but for a ſeaſon; where I can enjoy more retirement, and leſs of buſy life. My God is with me, and I truſt he will draw, and unite more fully to himſelf, his helpleſs, worthleſs creature! I have power with him in prayer, and I know he will anſwer my enlarged requeſts, for myſelf —my other-ſelf—and our offſpring. *We shall* be his: *I will* be his alone! This day I conſecrate to him, my ſoul and body's power; my life, my all! May his bleſſed *Spirit* come, and SEAL me his abode: ratify the COVENANT; and with the *Father* and the *Son*, dwell for ever in my worthleſs heart! Amen. O my God, I ſign myſelf over to thee:—This ſolemn hour,

"My ſoul and body I reſign, With joy I render thee;
My all, no longer mine, but thine—To all eternity!"

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

LETTERS,

By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

TO

Mrs. H. A. ROGERS,

BEFORE AND AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

LETTER I.

WHITEHAVEN, *May* 3, 1776.

My dear Sister,

YOU have been much upon my mind ſince I left Macclesfield: Once I ſaw my dear Miſs *Beresford*:—When I came again, ſhe was in *Abraham*'s boſom!—Once I have ſeen her living picture, drawn by the ſame hand, and breathing the ſame ſpirit; and I am afraid I ſhall hardly ſee *you* again, till we meet in the garden of God.* But if you ſhould gradually decay; if you be ſenſible of the approaching hour, when your ſpirit is to return to God; I ſhould be glad to have notice of it wherever I am, that, if poſſible, I might ſee you once more before you

"Clap the glad wing, and ſoar away,
And mingle with the blaze of day!"

Perhaps, in ſuch a ſituation, I might be of ſome little comfort to your dear mother, who, in ſuch circumſtances, would ſtand in much need of comfort: and it may be, our bleſſed Maſter would enable me to "Teach you at once—and learn of you to die!"

In the mean time, ſee that you neglect no probable means of reſtoring your health; and ſend me, from time to time, a particular account of the ſtate wherein you are. Do you feel your own *will* quite given up to God, ſo that you have no repugnance to his will in any thing?—Do you feel no ſtirrings of pride?—no remains of vanity?—no deſire of praiſe, or fear of diſpraiſe?—Do you enjoy an uninterrupted ſenſe of the loving preſence of God?—How far does the corruptible and decaying body preſs down the ſoul?—Your diſorder naturally ſinks the ſpirits, and occaſions hea-

* At this time, ſhe was ſuppoſed to be in a deep conſumption, and given over by the phyſicians.

vineſs and dejection:—Can you, notwithſtanding this, *rejoice evermore, and in every thing give thanks?*

Mr. *Fletcher* ſhews (as does the Plain Account of Chriſtian Perfection) that ſanctification is plainly ſet forth in Scripture. But certainly, before the root of ſin is taken away, believers may live above the *power* of it: yet, what a difference between the *first*, and the *pure* love of God. You can explain this to Mr. *Roe* by your own experience. Let him follow on, and how ſoon may he attain it!

I am glad you wrote to Miſs *Y.* and hope you will write to Miſs *R.* As to health, they are not *much* better than you are; only Miſs *R.* is a little ſtrengthened by a late journey. I never converſed with her ſo much before: I can give you her character in one line—ſhe is "All praiſe, all meekneſs, and all love." If it will not hurt you, I deſire you will write often to,

My dear Siſter,

Yours affectionately,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER II.

BRISTOL, *September* 16, 1776.

My dear Siſter,

AS I did not receive yours of Auguſt 28, before my return from Cornwall, I was beginning to be a little apprehenſive, leſt ſome thing was the matter: but you have ſweetly diſpelled all my fears.

The happy change wrought in Miſs *Peggy Roe*, and Miſs *B.* may encourage you to ſnatch every opportunity of ſpeaking a word for ſo good a Maſter. Sometimes you ſee preſent fruit; but if not, your labour is not loſt; it may ſpring up *after many days.*

I hope, though your couſins are tried, they will not be diſcouraged; then, all theſe things will work together for good. Probably, if they ſtand firm, religion will, in a while, leaven the whole family. But they will have need of much patience, as well as much reſolution. I am not ſorry that you have met with a little blame in the affair; and I hope it was not undeſerved. Happy are they that ſuffer for well-doing! I was almoſt afraid that all men would ſpeak well of you!

It is not uncommon for a perſon to be thoroughly convinced of his duty to call ſinners to repentance, ſeveral years before he has the opportunity of doing it. He has been

the caſe with ſeveral of our preachers; probably it may be the caſe with Mr. *Roe*. God may ſhew him *now*, what he is to do *hereafter*. It ſeems his preſent duty is, to wait the openings of divine Providence.

If I durſt, I ſhould earneſtly deſire, that you might continue with us a little longer. I could almoſt ſay, it is *hard* that I ſhould juſt ſee you once, and no more! But it is a comfort, to die is not to be loſt!—Our union will be more full and perfect hereafter.

"Surely our diſembodied ſouls ſhall join;
Surely my friendly ſhade ſhall mix with thine!
To earth-born pains ſuperior, light, ſhall riſe
Through the wide waves of unoppoſing ſkies;
Together ſwift aſcend heaven's high abode,
Converſe with angels, and rejoice in God!"

Tell me, my dear friend, do you experience ſomething ſimilar to what Mr. *De Renty* expreſſes in thoſe ſtrong words—"I bear about with me an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the preſence of the ever bleſſed Trinity?"—Do you commune with God in the night ſeaſon?—Does he "bid you, even in ſleep, go on;" and does he "make your very dreams devout?" That he may fill you with all his fulneſs, is the conſtant wiſh of,

My dear Siſter,
Yours affectionately,
JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER III.

LONDON, *February* 11, 1779.

My dear Siſter,

IT is a great mercy that, on the one hand, you have previous warning of the trials that are at hand; and, on the other, are not careful about them; but only prepared to encounter them. We know indeed, that theſe (as well as all things) are ordered by unerring Wiſdom; and are given us exactly at the right time, and in due number, weight, and meaſure: And they continue no longer than is beſt; for CHANCE has no ſhare in the government of the world. THE LORD REIGNETH! and diſpoſes all things ſtrongly and ſweetly for the good of them that love him. I rejoice to hear, that you have now leſs hinderances in the way, and can oftner converſe with his people. Be ſure to improve every one of thoſe precious opportunities of "doing and

I am often grieved to obſerve that, although on *his* part, the gifts and calling of God are without repentance;—although he never repents of any thing he has given us, but is willing to give it always; yet, ſo very few retain the ſame ardor of affection which they receive, either when they are juſtified, or when they are ſanctified. Certainly, they *need not* loſe any part of their light or love: It *may* increaſe more and more:—of this you are a witneſs for God.—You have not loſt any thing of what you have received.—Your light is not grown dim; nor your love grown cold, ſince the moment God firſt viſited you with his great ſalvation.

Many of our brethren and ſiſters in London, during that great outpouring of the Spirit, ſpoke of ſeveral *new* bleſſings which they had attained: But, after all, they could find nothing higher than *pure love*; on which the full aſſurance of hope generally attends. This the inſpired writings always repreſent as the higheſt point: only there are innumerable *degrees* of it. The plethory or full aſſurance of faith, is ſuch a clear conviction that *I am now* in the favour of God, as excludes all doubt and fear concerning it.—The full aſſurance of hope, is ſuch clear confidence that I *ſhall enjoy* the glory of God, as excludes all doubt and fear concerning THIS. And this confidence is totally different from an opinion, that "no ſaint can fall from grace:"—It has no relation to it. Bold, preſumptuous men often ſubſtitute this baſe counter, in the room of that precious confidence: but it is obſervable, the *opinion* remains juſt as ſtrong while men are ſinning and ſerving the devil, as while they are ſerving God: Holineſs or unholineſs does not affect it in the leaſt degree: whereas, the giving way to any thing unholy, either in life or heart, clouds the full aſſurance of hope; which cannot ſubſiſt any longer than the heart cleaves ſtedfaſtly to God.

I am perſuaded the ſtorm which met us in the teeth, and drove us back, was not a caſual, but a providential thing: therefore, I lay aſide the thought of ſeeing Ireland at preſent. I am,

My dear Siſter,

Yours affectionately,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER IV.

LONDON, *December* 9, 1781.

My dear Sister,

WE may eaſily account for thoſe notices which we frequently receive, either ſleeping or waking, upon Scripture ſuppoſition—that *he gives his angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways.* How eaſy is it for them, who have at all times, ſo ready an acceſs to our ſouls, to impart to us whatever may be a means of increaſing our holineſs, or our happineſs! ſo that we may well ſay, with pious Biſhop *Kenn*,

> " O may thy angels, while we ſleep,
> Around our bed thy vigils keep!
> Their love angelical inſtil,
> Stop every avenue of ill!"

Without needing to uſe any other argument, *you* have a clear proof in your own experience, that our bleſſed Lord is both able and willing to give us *always* what he gave us *once*:—That there is no neceſſity of ever looſing what we receive in the moment of juſtification, or ſanctification:—But it is his will, that all the light and love which we then receive, ſhould increaſe more and more unto the perfect day.

If you be employed to viſit the children that are brought to the birth—that groan either for the *firſt*, or the *pure love*, happy are you! But this is not *all* your work: you are likewiſe to watch over the new-born babes. Although they have much love, they have not yet, either much light, or much ſtrength; ſo that they never had more need of your aſſiſtance, that they may neither be put out of the way, nor hindered in running the race that is ſet before them.

In the ſucceſs of Mr. *L.*'s preaching, we have one proof of a thouſand, that the bleſſing of God always attends the publiſhing of full ſalvation, as attainable *now by ſimple faith.* You ſhould always have in readineſs that little tract, "The Plain Account of Chriſtian Perfection." There is nothing would ſo effectually ſtop the mouths of thoſe who call this "a new doctrine." All who thus object, are really (though they ſuſpect it not) ſeeking ſalvation by works. If it *be* by works, then certainly there will need *time*, in order to the doing of thoſe works: but if it be *by faith*, it is plain a moment is as a thouſand years. Then God ſays, (in the ſpiritual, as in the outward world) *Let there be light, and there is light.*

I am in great hopes as *John S——rs* got his own ſoul much quickened in Macclesfield, he will now be a bleſſing

to many in Cheſter. A few witneſſes of pure love remain there ſtill; but ſeveral are gone to *Abraham*'s boſom. Encourage thoſe in Macclesfield who enjoy it, to ſpeak explicitly what they do experience; and go on till they know all the love of God that paſſeth knowledge! Give all the help you can, My dear Siſter, to them,

And to yours moſt affectionately,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER V.

BRISTOL, *October* 1, 1782.

My dear Siſter,

I received yours two days after date, and read it yeſterday to Miſs *Stockdale*, and poor *Peggy Roe*, who is ſtill ſtrangely detained in life. But ſhe is permitted to ſtay in the body a little longer, that ſhe may be more ready for the BRIDEGROOM.

You did exceedingly well to ſend me ſo circumſtantial an account of your Couſin *Robert Roe*'s laſt illneſs and happy death: It may incite many to run the race that is ſet before them, with more courage and patience. The removal of ſo uſeful an inſtrument in the midſt, or rather, the dawn of his uſefulneſs, (eſpecially while the harveſt is ſo great, and the faithful labourers ſo few,) is an inſtance of the divine œconomy which leaves our reaſon behind!—Our little narrow minds cannot comprehend it:—we can only wonder and adore. How is your health? I ſometimes fear leaſt you alſo, (as thoſe I tenderly reſpect have been) ſhould be ſnatched away.—But let us live to-day!

It is certain there has been for theſe forty years, ſuch an increaſe of vital religion, as has not been in England before for many centuries. And it does not at all decay: In many places there is a conſiderable increaſe of it; ſo that we have reaſon to hope, the time is at hand, when the kingdom of God ſhall come with power: and *all* the people of this poor heathen land ſhall know him, from the leaſt unto the greateſt.

I am glad you had ſo good an opportunity of talking with Mr. *S.* Surely if prayer were made for him, ſo uſeful an inſtrument as he *was*, would not be ſuffered to looſe all his uſefulneſs. I wiſh you could make ſuch little excurſions oftner, as you always find, your labour is not in vain.

Many years ſince, Madam *Bourignan*'s works were put into my hands, particularly the treatiſes Mr. *S.* ſo ſtrongly

recommends, with her exterior and interior life, written by herſelf. It was eaſy to ſee, ſhe was a perſon dead to the world, and much devoted to God: yet I take her to be very many degrees beneath both Mr. *De Renty* and *Gregory Lopez;* nay, I do not believe ſhe had ſo much genuine chriſtian experience, as either *David Brainard* or *Thomas Walsh.* What makes many paſſages, both in her life and in her writings ſo ſtriking, is, that they are ſo *peculiar*—they are ſo entirely *her own:*—So different from every thing which we have ſeen or heard elſewhere! But this is, in reality, not an excellence, but a capital defect. Her expreſſions naturally tend to give a new ſet of ideas:—They will ſet imagination at work, and make us fancy we ſaw wonderful things; but they were only ſhadows. I avoid—I am afraid of whatever is *peculiar*, either in the experience or language of any one.—I deſire nothing—I will accept of nothing but the common faith, and the common ſalvation. I always am,

My dear Friend,
Yours moſt affectionately,
JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER VI.

LONDON, *October* 12, 1787.

My dear Siſter,

I doubt not but your calling at Dublin, would be an acceptable time. After we left you at Mancheſter, we puſhed on, and in all haſte, ſet out for the Iſle of Jerſey: but a ſtorm drove us into Yarmouth, in the Iſle of Wight. There Dr. *Coke* and I preached by turns, two evenings and two mornings. A ſecond ſtorm drove us into the Iſle of Purbeck, juſt where the Indiaman was loſt. There I had an opportunity of preaching to a little ſociety, which I had not ſeen for thirteen years. We hoped to reach Guernſey the next evening, but could get no farther than the Iſle of Alderney. I preached on the beach in the morning, and the next morning came ſafe to the Iſle of Guernſey. Here is an open door: high and low, rich and poor receive the word gladly; ſo that I could not regret our being detained by contrary winds ſeveral days longer than we intended. The ſame thing befell us in the Iſle of Jerſey; where alſo there was an open door: even the governor, and the chief of the people, being quite civil and friendly.

In this day of God's power, I hope many of the backſliders in Cork, will be brought back. There are great numbers of them in and about the city: and many are of the genteeler ſort. It ſeems you have a peculiar miſſion to theſe:—Perhaps they will hear none *but you*. I hope you have already found out Mrs. *F.* (Capt. *F.*'s wife) and that now ſhe is more than *almoſt perſuaded to be a Chriſtian*.

Mr. *S.*'s ſociety, I verily believe, will do us no harm: And every one may ſpeak of *me* as he will—I am juſt flying away as a ſhadow!

The pearl on my eye is juſt diſcernible, and dulls the ſight a little: as it grows no worſe, I do not much regard it. But it has been frequently upon my mind of late, that my pilgrimage is nearly at an end. And one of our ſiſters here, told me this morning a peculiar dream, which ſhe had two months ago. She dreamed, the time of the Conference was come; and that ſhe was in a church, expecting to ſee *me* come in; when ſhe ſaw a coffin brought in, followed by all our preachers: walking two and two. A fortnight ſince, ſhe dreamed the ſame dream again.—Such a burying I have ordered in my WILL; abſolutely forbidding either *herſe* or *coach*.

I intended to have wrote more, but I am hardly able. For a few days, I have had juſt ſuch a fever as I had ſome years ago in Ireland. But all is well! I am in no pain; but the wheel of life ſeems ſcarce able to move. Yet, I made ſhift to preach this morning to a crouded audience; and I hope to ſay ſomething to them this afternoon.—I love that word, *And Iſhmael died in the preſence of all his brethren!*

I am glad you proſper in your ſoul: Still *preſs toward the mark, for the prize of your high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus*. Give my kind love to Brother *Rogers*. Peace be with both your ſpirits. Still love and pray for,

My dear Siſter,

Yours moſt affectionately,

JOHN WESLEY.

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